

THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

VOL. I.—No. 2.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

UNDUE CONSERVATISM—UNDUE RADICALISM.

WRITERS on natural theology are wont to expatiate on the innumerable adjustments which are required in order to perpetuate the existence of the human species for a single day. A comparatively small variation of the temperature of the globe, the least alteration in the chemical compounds of the air we breathe, an outbreak only a little more violent than history has often recorded of subterranean fires—these, or any one of a thousand other little changes, would be sufficient to sweep the human race from the face of the earth, and consign its fate to conjecture or oblivion, like that of the fossil animals which preceded us on the surface of the planet, and once, no doubt, considered their destiny as fixed and durable as our own. There are people who are prone to apply a similar philosophy to the life of our republic. They fancy that the tenure on which our civil system enjoys its existence and strength is in the same manner precarious—that any slight change in the combination of its elements, or any introduction of new processes, would cause its quick destruction. Consequently, they are for ever tormenting themselves with the dread of novelty, and are jealous of every stir.

There is another order of philosophers who, on the other hand, have an idea that the republic was never born to die. They take it to be a perfect prodigy of vitality, and a capital subject for all sorts of interesting experiments. Swift's conjuror would undertake to put a red-hot poker into a barrel of gunpowder in the midst of a crowded company; to throw up any lady's child into the air, and receive it on the point of a bayonet; and do any number of equally astonishing and perilous feats, if the company, if the child's mamma, would only permit him. So these people are ever aching to test their political science upon our young Hercules. If you will only allow them, they will agree to double him, knot him, split him, twist him, turn him inside out, whip out his backbone, do anything with him you can imagine. Under their hands, it is impossible to harm him. *Puer animosus*—he thrives for ever.

Now there is not much wisdom in either mode of thinking. The republic is not delicate, neither is necessarily deathless. It has the toughest organization, we verily believe, that nation ever had; and yet there is such a thing as making an end of it. It has great range of movement, great power of self-adaptation, great recuperative energy; yet if charlatans are to perform all sorts of experiments upon it, if they are to do what violence they please to the distinctive essential spirit and policy which constitute its vital element, it will soon get its quietus.

The internal war in which we are engaged is at best the utmost crucial test of the stamina and vital resources of the nation. No other government on the face of the earth could have endured it. Foreign statesmen look at it confounded. Nay, the wisest of our own statesmen fifty years ago, or twenty, or five years ago, would have said that our republican system

never could stand the strain of such immense armies, such enormous expenditures, such stupendous executive powers; and that if, by any possibility, it did outlive any such strain, it would come out so unstrung as not to be worth the saving. And yet the republic has stood it all thus far safely. It has overcome exigency after exigency and trial after trial, the mere glimpse of which, in their dread reality, would once have appalled and paralyzed it. Latent powers, before hardly thought of or known—such as that of a national conscription, of a paper legal tender, of an executive suspension of *habeas corpus*, of confiscation, of emancipation by military law, of military governorship of states—have been evolved, naturally and legitimately, it is supposed, from the Constitution, and supplied every need. We have gradually come to a full comprehension of these dormant forces, and now see, as never before, how completely the Constitution is justified by its own strength in declaring itself, as it does, "the supreme law of the land." It is supreme, not only in right, but in fact. Let danger come in any shape, it has every power and resource to save itself. All that is necessary is conformity to its normal methods.

But this conformity cannot be too carefully heeded. The marvelous capacity of the Constitution to meet every strait is no reason for the wild application of any of its real powers, or for calling into play other powers not real, as if the means were of little moment. It is in fact the very reason why the Constitution should be held of priceless account, and the utmost pains be taken to keep it inviolate. A loose notion widely prevails that it is necessity alone which justifies many of the strong acts and policies of the government, and that this supposed necessity may warrant anything, either now or in time to come. Were not this a mere chimera, were it an actual principle, it would be fatal. To adopt it would be simply to sweep down every safeguard, and keep the way ever open to tyranny or anarchy. Outside of the Constitution there is no necessity which anybody has a right to see, or know, or dream of. So far as related to this republic, the Constitution is just as absolutely the supreme law as gravitation is the supreme law of the solar system. Break in upon it, and chaos is upon you. There is one necessity, and only one, which can be recognized—military necessity. But that is inside of the Constitution. In giving government the right to suppress insurrections and to make war, the Constitution, in the absence of all limitation, invests government with all the war powers known to military usage; and those powers may be exercised

to any extent necessity may demand. The military necessity has no independent authority of its own; it acts solely because authorized by the Constitution.

The President of the United States, in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, is responsible for its right conduct. If unwarrantable deeds are committed or permitted by him in its name, he makes himself just as liable to impeachment and punishment as he would by any malfeasance of a civil nature. Thus, under our constitutional system, there is no such thing as arbitrary military power—no more than arbitrary civil power. The one power may be, in certain circumstances, vastly more extended than the other, but both alike are bound in constitutional responsibility. But war powers cannot outlast the war itself. To base a military necessity on a state of peace, would be an absurdity. When men speculate, then, about a reduction of the states now in rebellion to the condition of territories, to be maintained after the rebel arms have been laid down, and until certain conditions not required by the Constitution are complied with, they talk without reason. They may insist ever so strongly that there will be a necessity for it, but that does not help them. The authority of the Constitution is superior to any man's idea of necessity. And it is very certain that the Constitution, though in time of war it may convert states or parts of states into military departments and govern them as military necessity may demand, cannot, without violence to its vital principle, govern states in that way in time of peace. Not only is all such power absent from the Constitution, but it is expressly debarred by the Constitution in the clause which binds the United States to "guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government." A government imposed by any power apart from the people is not

republican. To seek to avoid this guarantee by first pretending to transform the states into territories, and then claiming that the guarantee does not apply to territories, is to every sane man a mockery. When the Union is made to juggle like that for its life, it had better die at once.

It is very fortunate, we might say providential, that the nation in this critical period has a president who unites needful caution with needful boldness. Mr. LINCOLN, by nature and habit, is one of the most prudent of men; and yet he has again and again cheerfully taken upon himself most fearful responsibility when occasion demanded. He has no genius, no remarkable enlargement of mind, nor any of the knowledge or accomplishment which long study gives. Even his best friends do not claim these for him. His leading qualities are simply clear practical sense and steady devotion to duty. The famous exclamation of the Swedish statesman about the little wisdom with which the world is governed, may or may not have been meant as a satire upon the governors. It is true, however, in what may be called a simple and harmless sense. There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that sound government is so ingenious and profound, so beyond the common art of man, the natural instincts, and the ordinary helps of the understanding, that it generally invites a rejection of the readiest course and the most obvious policy. After all, there is nothing so simple, nothing, we might say, so lowly in its own eyes, as wisdom—even that wisdom which guides nations in their stormiest times. Your profound calculator in high office soon finds his brain crushed with the burden of contingencies that can never be provided for, and his eyes dizzy with a prospect that ever recedes. Administrative wisdom consists infinitely more in moderation, justice, and the faithful exercise of plain good sense, than in any skill in unraveling nice political intricacies, and casting the horoscope of an uncertain future. The former qualities are generally regarded by public men as being quite too commonplace for the regulation of their conduct; but they fail to appreciate that the mass of the people, in whose hand their fate is, are made up of commonplace men, whose judgments are formed and lives controlled by commonplace considerations. In no department of life is it more true than in high places of public trust, that the path of duty is the straight path, and the only path of safety. It is because Mr. LINCOLN has the clear eye to see it, and the heart to hold to it carefully, yet courageously, that he is leading the country so successfully through these terrible trials.

THE PRESIDENT'S SCHEME.

WHAT is the practical value of the President's scheme? Nobody supposes that it will, for the present at least, furnish any inducement to the people in rebellion to submit to the government. Slavery made the war, because they thought, or professed to think, that their institution of slavery was endangered by their remaining in the Union. They are not likely to be very eager to accept pardon and restoration to the Union, on condition that they assent to the destruction of that institution, and assist in it. It must be confessed, indeed, that no condition of pardon more unlikely to be accepted by the southern people generally could have been devised. It is only candid, therefore, to say that we see nothing in the President's offer of pardon tending to incline the southern people to thoughts of submission. On the contrary, it is reasonable to believe that the southern newspapers represent earnestly the feeling of their section when they say that it has stimulated and consolidated them to determined resistance, not only while there is yet some hope of success, but even after there shall be nothing before them but despair and destruction. And we may be sure that the rebel leaders, to whom pardon is not extended upon any conditions, will not fail to use the President's offer to confirm the general conviction that it is the utter destruction of the South that the United States government now aims at. Those within the rebel lines willing to return to the Union on the condition offered must be very few in number and small in influence, and they will never be heard from till the presence of the federal armies gives them the opportunity to speak. Not only the overthrow of the rebellion as a

military power, but the complete subjugation of the Southern people, until they are so utterly crushed and humbled as to be willing to accept life on any terms, is the essential condition of the success of the President's scheme. It may therefore prolong the war; and after the war is substantially ended, it may defer the day of reunion and permanent peace. It cannot be doubted that the President contemplated all this, and that, in his mind, the removal of slavery being considered the one essential condition of the most desirable and permanent peace, he felt justified in incurring great evils for the sake of a greater ultimate good.

There is this, however, to be said on the other side of the question, that in the states and parts of states already rescued from the military control of the rebels, there will be very soon found a tenth of the people ready to accept pardon on the President's terms, more especially as it secures to them the political control of their respective states. And this process is likely to bring very soon into the Union, nominally at least, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. If the President's plan shall be sustained by Congress and the country, and the Supreme Court does not interfere with the action of the emancipation proclamation, this is to be the process by which the South will be restored to the Union—the reclamation of state by state, and the reorganization of the state governments as fast as a tenth of the people are ready to assent to the extinction of slavery. If the nine-tenths not thus assenting continue recusant, the military occupation of the reclaimed states will be necessary until the people submit to "the logic of events," or a new generation comes up. It would be unreasonable to expect that reunion by this process will be rapidly accomplished. The process is necessarily slow, but it is sure; and when once accomplished we shall have a homogeneous nation—not only without slavery, but with no open believers in the institution in the South. We suppose the divine doctors in the South must be indulged in the theological defense of it indefinitely.

As a party measure, the President's plan is already a success. It has united the republican, or administration party. There are no longer radicals and conservatives in that party. The radicals are satisfied with the ultimate aim of the President's plan; the conservatives rejoice that he has employed no radical theories or measures to reach that end. The abolitionists, *par excellence*, are alone disaffected. Nothing suits them that does not involve contempt of the Constitution and disregard of state rights. What they are most anxious to gain is a governmental endorsement of their own past seditions. Failing in this, they rejoice in the President's determination to destroy slavery with the rebellion, but they at the same time abuse him for ignoring their own ultra ideas and methods. But this faction is small in numbers and inconsiderable in influence, and may be safely left out of account in all party calculations. We conclude that the President's plan has made his own party a unit for the presidential campaign. And there are those who feel quite sure that it has secured Mr. LINCOLN's renomination. To the argument of Secretary SEWARD, that it is due to Mr. LINCOLN, and right and fitting in itself, that he should be president till every state in the Union accepts him as such, and to the general feeling that the man who has been at the helm through the hour of highest peril to the ship of state should be kept there till we reach a safe harbor, it is now natural to add the still more persuasive reason, that he who has devised and inaugurated the plan of reconstruction should remain in power till it is tested and consummated. And we shall see that upon these grounds, almost wholly, will the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN be urged, and probably with success.

But the President has not only fixed the policy of his own party; he has indicated that of the opposition. They have now no choice. They must either acquiesce in his re-election, or they must meet squarely the single issue he has presented and drop all irrelevant and distracting questions. The opposition party can do nothing as a peace party; there is no such party among the people. They will therefore go for the war, and they will defer all objections to the employment of negro soldiers, and to the emancipation of such as are made free by due process of law. They must also insist on the punishment of

the rebel leaders. The only point they can safely make is, that nothing shall be made a test of loyalty besides allegiance to the Constitution and laws—that the President's test shall be set aside—which is, virtually, that the abolition of slavery shall not be made essential to the restoration of the Union. That is now the plain, simple, only issue, and upon that the presidential canvass is to be contested, unless the opposition allow the election to go by default.

EXIT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE knell of the democratic party has sounded. No longer can it be deemed a living organization. It should have given up the ghost and consented to a decent burial when the principles which distinguished it from the defunct whig party were no longer at issue; but it kept the name, claimed the traditions, and wore the tattered robes of the grand old political organization which was founded by Jefferson and which could boast of the support of the most memorable names in our history, long after the principles and policies which had brought it into being were definitely settled. Since the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the political contests have been practically on the slavery issue, while the questions of finances, tariffs, internal administration, or foreign policy, which ordinarily divide parties in free governments, have been matters of minor consideration.

The contest for the speakership of the present House of Representatives, and the votes which have been given on test resolutions since then, show the opposition to be hopelessly distracted and divided. It is without organization, without wise leadership, and, more fatal than all, without community of feeling upon any one topic. It is not indispensable, nay, it is often unwise for an opposition to have an affirmative platform; its proper function is to criticise, expose, correct, and when this system of party tactics is adroitly pursued, the administration, which must bring forward measures for the conduct of government, is placed at a serious disadvantage in the race for popular favor. A government policy can be assailed from many points of view, while it can be defended from but one. Thus it is that in the presidential contests of the last quarter of a century, it is the opposition which has almost invariably succeeded, and it has also been remarked that the second House of Representatives elected under almost every administration has been in the interest of the opposition. The present House is the only exception to this rule for many years.

But the distracted factions which go to make up the so-called democratic party in Congress forget all this. Each little circle has some pet vagary of its own to offend the common sense of the country. Some score or so are rendering themselves infamous in our future history by giving aid and comfort to an armed rebellion. Others are for peace at any price. Dislike of negroes is the pet folly of a third class, and so to the end of the chapter. There are, no doubt, wise and patriotic members of the opposition in Congress, and we hope time will prove they are in a majority, but in their present distracted councils it is of course the most positive and offensive measures which attract the public attention.

It is the misfortune also of the anti-administration party to have no recognized leader competent to render its opposition to the administration respectable, while it has several aspirants to that position who if not checked in their mad career will make all their associates a stench in the nostrils of the nation. Mr. S. S. Cox, whose complimentary vote for speaker puts him in the foreground, is in no respects fit for it. He lacks breadth of view, weight of character, dignity, and tact. "Bunkum" oratory, a testy humor, a fair knowledge of parliamentary rules, activity, and a hearty dislike of negroes, are his stock in trade, and these do not fit him for the work of building up a great party and leading it to victory. The proper man to lead the opposition in the House may turn up before the close of the session, but we doubt whether the warring factions can be licked into shape previous to the time of the meeting of the anti-administration presidential nominating convention.

The most marked man in the present House of Representatives is FERNANDO Wood, of New York. A determined effort was made by the republicans to defeat him at the polls, but fortunately for their party

they did not succeed. He is worth more for their purposes than a score of administration members—than even the organization of the House; for in all probability, if given rope enough, he will render his party so odious that the republicans will have little difficulty in electing their president.

FERNANDO Wood is in many respects one of the most remarkable men that ever appeared in American politics. Educated in the commercial and political life of the metropolis, he unites in himself some of the best and all the basest characteristics of a New Yorker. He is a marvel of energy, intellect, and scoundrelism. His abilities are of the very highest order. He is executive, enterprising, suggestive, sagacious, adroit, and, besides, knows the weaknesses of men as by instinct, and how to take advantage of them. He has the brain to conceive great enterprises, and the will and address to put them into execution. Nor is he lacking in elevation of view and purpose. Many of his published addresses and messages as mayor of New York prove that, so far as statesman-like aptitudes go, he would occupy a distinguished position in a body composed of legislators like SEWARD, SUMNER, TOOMBS, BUCHANAN, and JEFF. DAVIS.

But with all his high qualities of mind and rare address as a manager of party machinery, FERNANDO Wood always has been and always will be a splendid political failure. His first difficulty is his unspeakable baseness of character; his second, an uncontrollable weakness for creating a sensation.

A conscience is not always a necessity in a politician, indeed it is sometimes inconvenient to be possessed of one, but a sense of responsibility for personal obligations and good faith with one's friends are indispensable to insure success. Of this saving grace Wood knows nothing. He is as treacherous as a Malay, and stabs his personal and political associates with a poisoned dagger from a mere gluttony of scoundrelism. With his amazing political address, he might have reigned supreme in the local management of his party in this city, and in time his power might have extended over the whole state, but lacking that small modicum of honor which renders a community of thieves tolerable even to themselves, he has made every democrat of mark in the city and state his personal enemy and hopelessly disrupted the party machinery wherever his evil personal influence extended.

Then again he is a sensationist. He delights in the notoriety he achieves by taking startling and unpopular positions. He is always ready with some dazzling display of political pyrotechnics, but the final explosion rarely fails to injure his own reputation or that of his associates. Indeed, he seems at times to crave public contempt, personal opposition, and the abuse of the press, as a stimulant to his lagging faculties.

It is this strange man who seems destined to be the marplot of the anti-administration party in the House. He has commenced characteristically. The resolution he introduced to recognize the confederacy by sending commissioners to Richmond was under the circumstances a superb specimen of party stupidity. The movement could not have been more inopportune. The success of the war party at the polls, our recent victories, the despondency of the rebels as shown by Jeff. Davis's message, all have helped to make the national heart beat high, and no considerable portion of our people were in a mood to listen with the slightest patience to any proposition which looked to the practical recognition of the rebels as a power to be treated with. Yet with this state of feeling patent to the dullest observer, fifty-nine members of Congress allowed Wood to lead them into the mire of public contempt by voting against the motion to lay his maladroit resolution upon the table. We regret these evidences of weakness in the anti-administration party in the House. It would be better in every way for the country if the opposition was a wholly patriotic and well disciplined organization. In free commonwealths it is indispensable that the party in power should be carefully watched. Never since the founding of the government was one more needed than to-day. The enormous expenditures necessitated by the civil war have stimulated into a fierce activity the corrupt instincts of the party accidentally in power. The waste and recklessness in money matters and the indecision and feebleness in the conduct of

the war evinced so often by the administration, need the corrective of a vigilant, wise, and honest opposition. Such is not the accidental assemblage of warring factions which call themselves the representatives of the democratic party in Congress. The new year may develop a better state of affairs, but if the anti-administration party wish to be of service to the Union they must purge their councils of such vermin as the Woos, and forget that they ever had any party affiliation with traitors now in arms against their country.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN WARFARE.

II.

In a preceding article were pointed out some of the reasons why, from the peculiar organization of our armies, we should not have expected of them in the earlier campaigns results commensurate with those often gained by European troops. It is now intended to indicate some of the effects of the nature and extent of the country upon our military operations. The main points to be considered are: The extent of the theater of war; the sparseness of the population, and the consequent effect upon the quantity of supplies to be procured, the communications, and the face of the country; the nature, number, and direction of the railways, common roads, and rivers; the obstacles in the shape of forests, mountains, rivers, and the like. It is desired, not only to give a general idea of these features as they exist in this country, but also to compare them, so far as our limits will permit, with the corresponding features of Europe.

The area of the United States is equal to the entire continent of Europe including Russia, but excluding the Spanish peninsula, Sweden and Norway, Turkey, and Greece; or within 200,000 square miles (about the area of the territory of New Mexico in 1850) of double the area of the entire continent of Europe excluding Russia.

Although not quite one-half of this area, which may with sufficient accuracy be stated at 3,000,000 square miles, has been the seat of actual hostilities against the rebels, there is scarcely a state or territory which has not been directly concerned in military operations—some as the theaters of expeditions for the protection of emigration, or against hostile Indians; some as the base of supplies and recruiting for the active columns; others as being exposed to direct attack in the event of possible foreign complications. It is over this immense area, populated but a little more than a fourth part as densely as European Russia, or about one-fiftieth part as densely as Belgium, that our operations have been conducted and our resources disseminated.

With the exception of Russia in the Crimean war, it is probable that no nation has had equal difficulties to contend against in modern times. It is true that we have over Russia the advantage of superior military and river communications in portions of our country; and this has enabled us to succeed where Russia failed. On the other hand, Russia possessed the advantages that her communications were perfectly secure and that hostilities were confined practically to one point of her frontier; it will presently be seen how vast is the line along which we have been obliged to extend hostilities, and how difficult our communications often are.

Let us open the map of the United States and endeavor to realize the great magnitude of the theater on which nearly simultaneous operations have been conducted during the past year.

East of the Alleghanies, covering Washington, is the army of the Potomac, at one time struggling successfully to force back the invader from Pennsylvania, at another fruitlessly attempting to reach the rebel capital by an impracticable route. Next come the troops guarding the approaches to the Baltimore and Ohio R.R. from the south; then those in Western Virginia operating from Beverly and the Kanawha upon Staunton and Covington, as well as in the direction of Wytheville. To the southwest and separated from these by the Cumberland Mountains is the army of the Ohio, occupying Knoxville and other points in East Tennessee; they connect with the army of the Cumberland on the right, and have their base of supplies at Cincinnati, some 300 miles distant, more than 200 of which are over wagon roads.

Next is the army of the Cumberland, mainly concentrated near Chattanooga, and covering the line of the Tennessee River in the direction of Tuscumbia; it draws its supplies mainly from Nashville, distant about 150 miles from Chattanooga, Nashville being in turn supplied either by the Cumberland River, or by rail from Louisville, about 180 miles distant.

On the right of the army of the Cumberland the army of the Tennessee takes up the line, which it prolongs through Corinth to Memphis, and holds the important points on the Mississippi River as far down as Port Hudson; one of its detachments occupies Little Rock.

The troops of the Department of the Gulf hold the Mississippi as far up as Port Hudson, a large portion of Louisiana, Ship Island, Pensacola, Key West, the Tortugas, the line of the Rio Grande, and the coast of Texas from Matagorda to the mouth of the Rio Grande. In the Department

of Missouri our troops hold secure possession north of the Arkansas River, some 350 miles from the source of supplies.

In the Department of the South our troops occupy the entire coast from Charleston to San Augustine.

In the Department of North Carolina we hold all the shore and some interior ground from Beaufort north. Our troops at Fort Monroe, Yorktown, and Norfolk, give us control of the York and James Rivers, of the Peninsula between them, and of the country south of the lower James.

The territory of New Mexico, once invaded by a rebel expedition from Texas, is now securely held by troops raised principally in the territory and its neighbor Colorado; although some of the necessary supplies are to be obtained in the territory, many must be hauled in wagons from St. Jo., the nearest railway terminus, a distance of quite one thousand miles to some of the garrisons.

Arizona and Utah are held by California volunteers, whose supplies are, to a considerable extent, hauled more than 900 miles over a country much of which is a desert.

During the past summer it was necessary to send a formidable expedition to the distance of nearly 400 miles from St. Paul to chastise the Sioux Indians, while another large expedition moved up the Missouri, under equally adverse circumstances, for the same purpose. The front on which our land forces are operating in the region east of the Mississippi River, in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, is very nearly 4,000 miles, not including those portions of the sea and Gulf coast controlled by the navy unassisted by the army.

This distance is a little more than double the extent of the Russian frontier from Sebastopol to St. Petersburg, and bears about the same relation to the distance from Madrid to St. Petersburg; it is about twelve times the length of Napoleon's original front of operations in 1812, and about seven times that of his line of defense from the mouth of the Rhine to the Gulf of Genoa in 1813 and '14. To the disadvantages arising from the excessive length of our front of operations must be added that of our position on the outside of the circle, while the enemy holds the center, and can therefore move by the shortest line to concentrate on any point that may be threatened. But in the progress of the war we have gained possession of the Mississippi and its tributaries, as well as the enemy's most important railway, so that our present position is very much more favorable than it was six months ago, and to appreciate the slow movements of the early part of the war it is necessary to consider for a moment the situation in 1861.

In the fall of that year we held no ground in the Southern states except Fort Monroe, a few miles around Washington, Western Virginia, Northern Kentucky, a warmly disputed possession of part of Missouri, Port Royal, Key West, the Dry Tortugas, and Fort Pickens—hardly equal in all to the entire area of Kentucky. The best army of the rebels lay strongly intrenched within twenty-five miles of Washington; it impeded the navigation of the lower Potomac by batteries erected on the right bank, and occupied the same bank of the upper river nearly to Cumberland. Others of their troops were in position either to prevent an advance by us from Western Virginia upon Staunton and Covington, or to retake that region should opportunity offer.

Their troops in the vicinity of Knoxville controlled the very important railway passing through it, kept in check the Union population, sent frequent and formidable expeditions into Kentucky. A large force strongly intrenched at Bowling Green, Forts Donelson and Henry, and at Columbus, threatened Louisville and controlled the navigation of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi. Several other suitable points on the Mississippi below Columbus were provided with powerful batteries, intended to resist successively the progress of any expedition which might have reduced the works higher up the river. A respectable army not only disputed our possession of Southern Missouri, but gave serious apprehensions for the safety of St. Louis, Cairo, and the line of the Missouri River, while it kept alive the spirit of disaffection north of that river. With the exception of Forts Monroe and Pickens, Key West and the Tortugas, the rebels held every prominent fortification on the coast of the South Atlantic and the Gulf. Their batteries covered the approaches to Richmond by the York and the James, while those at Norfolk protected their only navy yard on the Atlantic coast, and secured the reception of supplies from North Carolina through the canal and Albemarle Sound. They made a desperate attempt to wrest New Mexico from our grasp, and almost attained success in this effort to obtain control of one of the best routes to the Pacific coast and the rich mining district of Arizona, which would also have fallen, for a time at least, into their hands.

In nine of the rebellious states our flag was not to be seen, and in a tenth it covered only the small tract occupied by our troops in the immediate vicinity of Port Royal.

Let us again open the map of the United States and observe the great advantages possessed by our opponents in the beginning of the war in regard to communications. Their complete possession of the Mississippi and its tributaries below the mouth of the Ohio enabled them to collect men and supplies from the entire valley and from Texas at Columbus, Hickman, Memphis, Napoleon, Vicksburg,

New Orleans, etc., with rapidity and economy. The railway from Memphis by Knoxville to Richmond enabled them to transport troops and supplies with rapidity from one extremity of the confederacy to the other. Its connecting roads brought in their streams to swell the great tide flowing along the main trunk, or distributed what was needed to the proper points of frontier.

The Arkansas and White Rivers rendered communication with the southern border of Missouri reasonably easy. Railways parallel to the sea and Gulf coasts, with connections to most of the important harbors, rendered communication secure and rapid with any point seriously threatened. We, who were obliged to take the offensive, are in a very different position. In the East, the railway lines from Alexandria and Acqua and the line of the Peninsula offered access to Richmond, but the disastrous defeat at Bull Run and the consequent relative position of the armies effectually put a stop to operations for that year in that direction. From Gordonsville to Bowling Green—a distance not far from 400 miles—there is no railway running southward from the Ohio or the Potomac sufficiently far to make it available for the movement of a large force to cut the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and in that early stage of the war we had not sufficient transportation to move a large force through so barren and difficult a country as most of that is. It was also the case that for a long time all the troops disposable in the West were fully employed in saving the state of Missouri, in holding our own in Western Virginia, and in guarding against the danger which menaced Cairo and its vicinity. Therefore, with the exception of the operations at Mill Springs and its neighborhood for driving the rebels out of Southeastern Kentucky, nothing could for a long time be attempted toward gaining Knoxville in force sufficient to hold it. Our efforts, then, in the states of Kentucky and Tennessee were necessarily pointed in the direction of Bowling Green, Nashville, Tuscumbia, and Memphis; but as the enemy had possession of all the avenues of approach, and the same deficiency of transportation existed here as elsewhere, it became necessary to suspend operations until our affairs in Missouri were reasonably secure, and until gun-boats could be constructed capable of covering the movement of troops by water, and of co-operating with them in reducing the batteries which commanded the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi. Having thus glanced in a general way at the extent of the theater of war and the relative condition of the communications on both sides at the beginning of the contest, we shall be prepared to examine in our next paper somewhat in detail the nature of the country, the condition of the routes of communication, and the number and character of the population, as they have affected the operations of the contest, and it is probable that good reasons can be shown for delays which were at the time criticised with undue severity by many well meaning persons who did not understand the real condition of affairs.

AMERICAN GENIUS AS EXPRESSED IN ART.

WITH the earlier manifestations of the art genius of this country we have nothing to do in our present paper; for art in this country, until the advent of Durand, was too largely indebted to European culture to be a true expression of what we now understand as American genius.

Allston repeated the past in his most ambitious efforts, and Cole's ideas of colors and composition were too much like Claude's, or such as are the result of study of the early landscapists of the continent. Cole composed too much—the fault of the masters he admired—and gave us too many brown trees, brown towers, and brown shadows, opposed to yellow skies. He had a fine sense of color, and he was fond of symbols in art; but he never manifested fully American genius in anything except his refinement of feeling. Therefore we pass both Allston and Cole in our examination of the purely American characteristics shown in the art works of this country.

To know what is American genius, we must turn to the productions of our living painters and those who have been the least influenced by foreign art. Gifford, Kensett, and Church, among landscapists; Eastman Johnson, George Boughton, Mount, Inman, Elliott, and Baker, among genre and portrait painters; Palmer, H. K. Brown, and J. M. Ward, among our sculptors, are our representative men. Some of these men have studied abroad, but we select them as exponents of American genius in spite of that, because their individuality in selection of subject, and manner of treatment of the same, has not been marred or obscured by the influence of foreign art. They have asserted themselves, and have not been transformed by the art culture of Europe. They represent in their works our highest attainments. Among them there is but one who has shown great dramatic power and intensity of feeling; not one has given us the sublime. The works of each are more or less characterized by grace, refinement, love for reality and the human. Common and familiar facts in life and nature have been invested with poetic charm by them, and in their works feeling for the sensuously beautiful has predominated. They have shown little or no sympathy with the tragic or grand element of life and nature, and, with the exception of S. R. Gifford, no feeling for its consuming splendor and intensity.

Mr. S. R. Gifford alone has given us something approaching to the magnificent, the opulent, and the intense in nature.

The pure, the refined, and the intellectual, are characteristic of American art and of American genius. But thus far there has been an absence of passion, of great emotional elements, without which art can never embody the greatest. Music, literature, and art, cannot be the highest if devoid of passion. Passion in art or literature or music implies the presence of magnificent imaginative power allied with great energy, and is required to destroy littleness and confirm progress. The comparative absence of this in American genius has kept American art limited to the lyrical, as in Kensett; or the purely intellectual, as in Church; or the humanity of ordinary life, as in Eastman Johnson. To this statement the works of Mr. S. R. Gifford alone present themselves as an exception. Mr. Gifford's "Twilight in the Catskills," exhibited at the National Academy of Design four years past, was a remarkable and most exceptional example of what we call intense and imaginative; his "Sunset—Mansfield Mountain," of the magnificent; and his "Gorge in the Mountains," of the opulent in nature. They possess in common the emotional element; they are pervaded with fervid feeling, and seem more like the production of an impassioned nature than the works of any man in American art or literature. American genius, as revealed in the pictures of Mr. Kensett, is pure, healthful, and delicious—something in subject and style quite distinct from anything in foreign art. Generalizing from the special manifestations of American genius as found in our literature, we should say that among our artists, Kensett and Church represent it better than any of our living painters. Church exhibits its intellectual daring, grasp, and limitation; Kensett its most enjoyable and perfect elements. Mr. E. D. Palmer, the sculptor, represents its independence and contempt of conventionality, and its complete emancipation from the trammels of the past. Eastman Johnson, our best *genre* painter, shows its affiliation with the truly human and democratic. Mr. Johnson, in a style completely his own, rivals the best *genre* painters of the continent, and presents us with renderings of the life of our people; and though as yet not risen to great imaginative work, has given us pictures full of reality, refreshingly human in their interest, and more comprehensive than the works of any American artist. He has shown an appreciation of all sides of life, and but that as yet he has not done anything tragic and introspective, as well as dramatic and objective, would justly be classed with the genius called Shakespearean. Mr. H. K. Brown (of whom we judge by his statue of Washington) represents the intellectual element in American genius among our sculptors, and also its simplicity and dignity. Mr. E. D. Palmer, standing for its independence, as we wrote before, also stands for its perception of the sensuously beautiful; for notwithstanding his last work, "Peace in Bondage," we must conclude that the limitation of his genius is found in an absence of the impassioned and imaginative. Mr. Ward (the modeler of the statuette of "A Freedman") is the first man in this country who has indicated something of a grand and sublime genius. Of Crawford, Story, Powers, and others, we cannot now write. Their art culture is that of Europe, and the tone of their genius has been too much influenced by life abroad to accept them as representative men in American art.

In conclusion, we remark that the landscapes of Messrs. Whittredge, McEntee, and Innes, are additional proofs of the correctness of our inferences as to the nature of American genius. Mr. Whittredge is yet to express the fullness of his power; Mr. McEntee has revealed his nature in the sadness and regret that emanate from his "November Days;" Mr. Innes, American in the tone of his mind, has thus far done little more than graft the style of Rousseau, or of French landscape art, on that of America. If Eastman Johnson and Geo. Boughton were fused into one genius, we should have the most comprehensive sympathies allied with the most profound feelings.

We have yet to wait for a more complete development of our manhood as a nation. When we have that, we can expect a great and impassioned dramatic painter; until then we must be content with such artists as we now call American—very perfect, very genuine, but not the highest. France had to wait until the nineteenth century for Delacroix and Gerome and Doré; England had to wait until the nineteenth century for Turner and Millais and Hunt and Rossetti, and in no one man even yet has the whole of England or France been embodied as was Greece in the statues of Phidias and Italy in the pictures of Titian. Much less can we expect America to find even the prophecy of the matured greatness of her genius in the works of her early manhood. In truth, it may be questioned whether the genius of any modern people may be embodied in the works of a single man, as was the eighteenth century in the genius of Goethe, or the fourteenth century in that of Dante, since modern life is so varied and complex. We must look rather to an assemblage of geniuses for its complete expression. Thus far American genius has been very fairly set forth by our painters and sculptors—at least as fully as by our writers.

The literature and the art of this country confirm the same generalization, which is best stated in the words of a

recent English critic. American genius, distinct from that of England or France or Germany, is characterized by "grace, delicacy, absence of passion, intellectual limitation, and deficiency in comic sensibility;" or, as we have expressed it before, American genius has shown sentiment rather than passion, cultivated the delicate and beautiful rather than the splendid or sublime.

In justice to our painters, we must acknowledge that what we have in our national life, with the exception of the grand energy of the executive power, thus far has been revealed in our art. When we become less cold, less enslaved to business, we will have the element in our genius which will produce a great and impassioned dramatic painter of pathos and tragic power, equalled alone by his comic sensibility. For what we now have let us be grateful, and show our appreciation of American artistic genius by a most discriminating yet liberal encouragement of it; recognizing all its genuineness, and condemning all that it borrows from foreign art removed from the special character of our life. That which we have embodied in the works of our representative men, in its way, is not to be excelled by the art of any time or people. It is not the greatest, but in every memorable example it is pure, elevated, refined, and human; and these are the characteristics of American genius as expressed in American art.

ENGLISH MUSCULAR LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH we are hardly inclined to strike hands with the philosophers who think that a man can be made into bald-faced ape by a diet of nuts and a vigorous course of climbing; or that—reversing the simian simile—a bald-faced ape can be educated into a Christian gentleman, the noblest work of God, by sending him to college and fattening him upon French cookery, yet we must own that we have some faith in the ductile character of humanity, and the influence of circumstances over centerstances.

This phrase sounds formidably fine, but a homely illustration may clarify it. Did you ever see an asparagus-shoot with a glass bottle over it? The former was the centerstane, the latter its controlling circumstance. It grows up and grows down; it twists and turns and convolutes itself upon itself, until, molded and compressed by its impenetrable surrounding, it loses the normal shape of the healthy asparagus-shoot, and becomes an abortive imitation of a bottle done in vegetable fiber.

All of us have our controlling circumstances, in this sense, though they are not so complete and arbitrary as to abnor-malize our whole form. They merely modify us, generally speaking, and if, in individual cases, the surrounding becomes too small and uncomfortable for our expansion, we simply burst our bottles. Hence, all revolutions.

To come to our subject: we find in the beef and beer of Britain an apt illustration of the text. For many years, the youth of the United Kingdom have waxed brawny and colossal upon the majestic sirloin and the creamy tankard. Physical sports have succeeded to physical arbitration, and among the highest as among the lowest, the best part of a whole and wholesome man has come to be considered his biceps muscle.

As this consideration spread, it penetrated into more and more intellectual circles. Like a subtle medicine or a subtle poison—and many medicines in over-doses are deadly—it went from the great gross arteries of the masses into the delicate ramifications that supply the nobler organs, the spine and brain. Oxford and Cambridge established boat-clubs and cricket-clubs; Boxiana lay cheek-by-jowl with the Bucolic; Sayers elbowed Sallust, and Lillywhite bowed down Livy.

Then arose the present era of tendons, with its fruits, Muscular Christianity and Muscular Literature: in a word, the deification of the animal man. It cropped out in the pages of magazines and the columns of newspapers. "Sporting intelligence," as it is called, became a sterling department in many staid and pious journals. Clergymen went to gymnasiums, members of Parliament to prize-fights, and all the world to volunteer rifle-drill.

The novel, a pernicious or a noble instrument of power, soon joined the throng of the worshipers, and made as usual its lasting mark upon the age. The Reverend Charles Kingsley, a charming writer, drew it mildly, and sweetly blended sanctity with brawn in that saintly buffer, "Tom Thurnall." The bait took, and the demand for muscular heroes produced a plentiful supply. "Guy Livingstone" lived and died at the hands of another author, riding impossible steeples-chases, fighting impossible fights, loving not only with the whole strength of his sinewy heart, but with all manner of fleshy tissues beside. He was speedily followed by "Royston Keene," created to show the superiority of membranes over all other brains, and again by a weaker imitation of the two preceding, in a tale called "Barren Honor." This last was an emasculated type of "Guy Livingstone" worn-out as all mere physical things must wear out.

The author of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" took up the wondrous tale during the interval between two of the above-named works. He is a Christian of the first magnitude, according to his own statement, and believes that "fighting with fists is the natural and English way for Eng-

lish boys to settle their quarrels." He is also "as sorry as any man to see folks fighting the wrong people and the wrong things," but he would "a deal sooner see them doing that than that they should have no fight in them." From this highly muscular gentleman's style, we are constrained to believe that fighting was taught far more efficiently at Rugby than the less manly art of English composition.

We have named several good specimens of this literature founded upon a tendency to tendons, but there are cart-loads of others, quite as characteristic though of minor celebrity. In fact, the English press has spawned whole beds of muscular novels, plays, and sermons of late, almost to the exclusion of worthier matter, if we except the works of those serene and high-browed genii whose thoughtful reign commenced long before and is untainted by this carnal carnival.

Now, let us be strictly understood. We have no quarrel with bodily vigor. There is a purity born of health that revolts from the contemplation of the sickly and morbid delicacy of too many a famous mind. A man with one lung may write beautifully, but it is in spite of his deficiency, and not by its aid. We have read many biographies of good little boys with bulgy foreheads, blue lips, pinched noses, and night-sweats, who always went regularly to school and died early. In the latter particular they did well. We do not believe in such, and would have all men, women, and children, physically well and strong. But the body, as the adage says of fire, "is a good servant but a bad master." The best possible condition a man's flesh can be in, is when he is unconscious of it; and if he is always balancing it, enlarging it, training it, exercising it—in brief, devoting his mind to it—he is setting up matter above spirit, and humbling the god before his tabernacle.

THE COTTON QUESTION.

THETHE probable extent of the supply of cotton to the great cotton-consuming and cotton-manufacturing countries of the world, is a subject of wide discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, to the aid of which there are brought no little research and much additional knowledge of the nature and habits of the cotton-plant. Matters of vital importance in their bearings, not only upon the industrial concerns of the whole world, but on the finances of the United States, are involved in the direction from which the supplies of cotton shall finally come. It will not be least among the disasters of the existing war, if the growth of cotton shall be so much curtailed for many years to come by a freed reorganization of the labor of the cotton-growing states as to leave little or none for export. The embarrassments to both public and private finances, caused by the disordered state of exchanges which would be the result of peace without cotton, can hardly be estimated in anticipation of the event. We can only hope that if the struggle to put down the rebellion shall be necessarily pushed to that extremity, the necessity for large exports may be in a measure removed by the development of our natural resources and manufactures.

It is clear that England, and indeed all Europe, place but little reliance upon this country to make up a supply of cotton for their markets. But their estimates of supplies from India, the Turkish dominions (including Egypt), Brazil, and other quarters, are so liberal, that the question of the prices of cotton goods, in their relation to the supply, becomes one of great importance to the manufacturers.

It is a fact well understood in the cotton trade, that when the blockade of the southern ports was declared, and the supply of cotton from that quarter closed almost altogether, the world was largely over-stocked with cotton goods. This fact is not easy of demonstration by statistics; but it is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that with standard drills and sheetings selling in this market at the very low price of about eight or nine cents per yard, there was a vast accumulation of cotton goods in all the principal markets of the world. It has been asserted, without contradiction, so far as we are advised, and certainly with abundant indirect support of its accuracy, that but for the forced diminution of production of cotton goods in England, which followed the closing of the southern ports, her manufacturers could not have escaped a compulsory suspension of operations, partial or complete, in which they would have shared the ruin and distress that fell upon their workmen. During fully a year, with the consumption of cotton in England reduced more than fifty-five percent, the prices of goods were not advanced more than twenty-five per cent., and the advance then was more anticipatory and speculative than the result of any actual scarcity.

The question is thus presented: If, with cotton goods at prices much below those of any other fabrics for everyday wear, there was with the former supply of cotton a ruinous accumulation, what proportion of the former actual production can be successfully marketed at such an advance in prices that more valuable fabrics of linen and wool may be brought in competition with them? Here we are again plunged into a sea of speculation. However, we propound the question, not so much in the hope of answering it ourselves, as with the purpose of bringing it home to cotton manufacturers for their reflection. The high cost of cotton and cotton goods has had the effect of inducing a partial resort to the use of other raw materials for manufacture, and

the substitution of linen, woolen, and worsted fabrics for those made entirely of cotton. As a rule, the goods thus supplanted are those requiring the greatest weight of cotton in their production. Cotton duck for sails, for instance, is now to a large extent supplanted by a similar flax fabric made at Dundee. Instead of cotton osnaburgs and cotton bags, our grain merchants are now using gunny cloth and gunny bags made from jute. Large quantities of cotton were formerly mixed with wool in the manufacture of woolen goods; now the careful purchaser has ceased to guard against cotton adulterations and looks for "shoddy" instead. Light printed flannels are being largely substituted for cotton shirtings. The cheap worsted fabrics of Bradford are used in lieu of our own printed calicoes. The linen shirtings of Belfast and the linen sheetings of Barnsley are taking the place of domestic cotton fabrics made for the same uses. Cottonades and cotton flannels are being to a large extent displaced by woolen fabrics adapted for the same purposes of consumption.

In most of these cases of substitution, wool or flax have but recovered the ground from which they were driven years ago by cotton. In perhaps every instance cotton was substituted, not from any preference from its intrinsic qualities as staple, but because of its surpassing cheapness. Cotton has to regain this lost ground in order to recover its former supremacy; and it has not only to overcome this preference for the competing staples, but also to uproot the habit of wearing woolen and flax fabrics contracted during the war. Nor is this all. Cotton has also to overcome a stronger opposition in the comparative prices of the competing staples than is generally supposed. The advance in price, during the war, has been very much greater on cotton than on either flax or wool. In 1859, flax of St. Petersburg "9 head" quality, averaged in the English market about £42 per ton; its present price is £43 to £45 per ton—an advance of only five per cent. In 1860 the finest grade of American wool was worth, at New York, about 47½ cts. per pound; the present gold value for the same quality is 55c.—showing an advance of 16 per cent. Three years ago cotton was worth at New York 10½c. per lb.; its value in gold is now 53c.—an increase on the former cost of 430 per cent.

These are some of the obstacles that cotton has to overcome in regaining its former position among the textile staples. It may be safely taken for granted that the return to the consumption of cotton will be regulated principally by the cheapness of the staple. If its price does not fall to a point very low compared with the present value, the demand for it will be much less than in former years—from the fact that other raw materials will be preferred. But this very circumstance of other staples having the preference would tend, by lessening the demand for cotton, to rapidly reduce its price and thereby bring it again to the position that it formerly held among the raw materials. Only one cause would be sufficient to prevent such a rapid depreciation, viz., an extreme shortness of supply. Thus we are brought to the consideration of the probable amount of the supply for the year 1864.

We shall take the Liverpool market as the basis of calculation, and yet we shall not altogether overlook the statistics of the manufactures of the northern states, which unfortunately are deficient in detail, as indeed are the statistics of all branches of the trade and commerce of our country.

Mr. Samuel Smith, a person of repute in the trade of Manchester, visited India in the spring of the current year, and has published a series of letters upon the subject of the capacity of India to supply the place of the southern states in the growth of cotton. In their thoroughness they do him much credit, and his views appear to be accepted as authority by the British public. He places but a very moderate estimate upon the capacity of India as a cotton-growing country, notwithstanding its vast extent and large population. The reasons which are given are briefly these: The inefficiency of the laboring population; the necessity of each ryot or planter devoting nearly his usual space to articles of food; the difficulties of transportation; the advance in prices of other articles of agriculture; the inferiority of the cotton that is grown, and some other causes of less importance. Mr. Smith makes out a strong case against India as a cotton-growing country; but nevertheless, finally comes to the conclusion that, if prices rule as high as at present in the India markets, the export of India cotton may in the season of 1863-64 exceed two million bales. Mr. Ashworth, an English writer, has published an estimate that the manufacturing establishments of England may expect a supply of cotton sufficient for four and a half days' work, or about thirty-three thousand bales per week, against 22,030 bales for the average of 1862, and about 27,000 for 1863. Thirty-three thousand bales per week would be 1,716,000 bales, against about 1,404,000 bales in 1862, and 1,145,560 bales in 1863. Mr. Cheetham, another writer, controverts the estimate of Mr. Ashworth, and reduces the supply to four days per week, or about 30,000 bales per week, or 1,560,000 bales per annum. Mr. Cheetham's estimate of supplies for 1864 is as follows: From India, 1,500,000 bales; from Egypt, 300,000 bales; from Brazil, 185,000 bales; from America, 100,000 bales; from the West Indies, 35,000 bales; from Turkey, 150,000 bales; from China, 150,000 bales; from Italy,

25,000 bales; making a total of 2,445,000 bales. We are inclined to the opinion that this estimate is not at all too high. The latest accounts from India place the supply from that quarter at not less than 1,800,000 bales, and the export from the United States will probably be somewhat larger than the 100,000 bales. A total supply to the Liverpool market equal to four and a half days' work, and a million bales for export, is one that has many powerful facts in its support.

As regards the supply of American cotton to northern spinners, data are so insufficient and obscure that nothing worthy the dignity of an estimate can now be put forth. For some weeks past the deliveries at this port have averaged 4,500 bales per week, and a considerable quantity is delivered by rail direct to manufacturers, or reaches them by other ports. How much is run out of the confederate ports through the blockade, we know of no means of determining. But with the use of the southwestern rivers, and the progress of Generals Banks and Steele west of the Mississippi, and without immediate further progress of the national arms east of the Mississippi (the latter conjecture very improbable), it can hardly be pronounced impossible that a supply of southern cotton from all sources, equal to fifteen hundred bales per day, or say 550,000 bales per year, will reach market during 1864. Of this quantity we see no probability that northern spinners will use more than 350,000 bales, against 250,000 bales (estimated) for 1863, leaving 200,000 bales for export.

We find, therefore, in discussing probable prices, we have to calculate on the basis of a supply of cotton quite equal to two-thirds the full capacity of the mills of Europe and America. It becomes, then, a question of the gravest moment to manufacturers what prices can be maintained for goods, if two-thirds or three-fourths the former quantity are thrown upon the market. A Liverpool merchant, on the basis of substantially the same estimates of supplies as those we have adopted, concludes that twenty pence is to be the ruling price for New Orleans middlings in the Liverpool market. But with a due estimate of the influence of demand and supply, is it not improbable that two-thirds the former supply of cotton goods can be successfully marketed at more than double the price which then ruled? We think so. At the present premium on gold, double prices would be forty cents per pound for cotton, and twenty-seven cents per yard for standard heavy sheetings. Their present prices are eighty cents per pound for cotton, and forty cents per yard for standard heavy sheetings. The question here involved must be answered by every manufacturer according to his own judgment. The speculative feeling which now influences the values of all the staples, will doubtless be felt in cotton and cotton fabrics, and it may be expected that they will rule twenty per cent. higher than the minimum estimate.

As regards the supply of cotton in the more remote future all danger of a serious deficiency seems to have been removed. Mr. Smith of Manchester, after vehemently arguing against the capacity of India as a cotton-producing country, comes to this conclusion:

"Of course the subsequent supply of cotton depends in a great measure upon the development of the American war. If that unhappy contest is prolonged indefinitely, and ends in the complete disorganization of southern industry, a large increase may be expected from India year by year. Surat cotton in that case could not rule for a long time below one shilling per pound in the home market, or three hundred rupees in Bombay, and at that price no crop in India would pay so well as cotton. The cultivation would steadily extend over large tracts of country where the staple has not been yet cultivated for export, and it seems fair to assume that an annual increase of twenty per cent. would be available for export. So that in six years from this date the supply from India, allowing for deficiency of weight and out turn, would be equal to the late production of America."

"If, however, the American war comes to a speedy termination, and leaves the industry of the south not greatly shattered, a different development must be looked for. In that case India cotton might rule at home for a lengthened period somewhere about 8d. per pound, or two hundred rupees in Bombay, and the extraordinary stimulus to the cultivator would partly withdrawn. Still the price would be highly remunerative, especially as the cotton districts are being fast penetrated by railways, and prices in the interior are approximating to those in Bombay. A steady development might therefore still be expected, perhaps at the rate of ten per cent. per annum; at this rate the annual progression would be:

"Export of Cotton, 1864.....	2,250,000
do. 1865.....	2,500,000
do. 1866.....	2,750,000
do. 1867.....	3,000,000

"When the price of Indian cotton in Liverpool sinks, however, to 5d. per pound, the ryot has no inducement to push its cultivation. It pays barely as well as other crops, and the area under culture would then become stationary—indeed it might even decline."

"But so far as materials do exist for forming a judgment, they point to the conclusion, that if the American war should end in the overthrow of the cotton industry of the south, India alone would take five or six years to fill its place, though with the aid of Egypt, China, and other places, a sufficiency of cotton might be obtained in three or four years. But if the war ends within this year, and leaves southern industry substantially intact, India might perhaps provide next year an adequate supplement to make up the deficiency in the American supply."

Mr. Smith subjoins a note to his figures, in which he expresses a doubt whether the export of India cotton can be forced above two million bales per annum.

From other countries the accounts are unusually promising. From Turkey and Egypt, where the institution of slavery prevails in a modified form, there is good promise of a largely increased export, and from all quarters we have ac-

counts of great efforts to increase the export of cotton. The later accounts from the Mississippi are as favorable as have been expected by the most sanguine. The largest estimates of supplies for 1864 promise to be fully supported from all quarters.

The probable increase in the consumption of cotton goods in the United States, when peace shall be restored within its borders, is a subject not to be lightly passed over. The people of the United States have been large consumers of cotton goods. Of the middle classes, few have been too poor to purchase freely, and few so rich as to use little or none. Looking forward to renewed prosperity in due time, the impoverishment of the southern states through the ravages of the war will, in all probability, be felt in the markets of the world for a long time to come. In those portions of the United States which have not been disturbed by the actual presence of contending armies, the probable effect of the war, mainly through the onerous taxation it will involve, will be to make the rich richer and the poor poorer—a course of fortune in the case of the individual members of a population which is not favorable to the further development of the cotton manufactures of the nation, in the direction pursued in their management during the past twenty years. The coarser, heavier goods are thus likely to meet with an increased home demand, while the finer goods may be to some extent permanently displaced by linens and other costlier fabrics. This, however, is mere speculation. The social results to follow our great war are as yet too little developed to admit of practical calculations.

MEMORIES OF MEN OF MARK: LITERARY AND OTHER.

II.

WE have spoken of the picturesqueness of Mr. Irving's written style, of his manner, and of his personal descriptions. We recollect once asking him whether he had not, in his own mind, a distinct impression of how such a character as "Ichabod Crane," for example, in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," or of "The Stout Gentleman," would look as a painted picture, while he was transferring these inimitable sketches to paper. He replied that he had; and that the first time the idea occurred to him was when he was describing Old Time holding his hour-glass in his withered hand, inciting him to hasten to a conclusion his immortal history of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

Mr. Irving was by no means ill at drawing, as one or two of his little sketches, which we once saw in his library at Sunnyside, sufficiently attested; and he once mentioned to us that on one occasion, as he was about to leave Rome, leaving that kindred and noble genius, Washington Allston, behind him, he was almost persuaded to lay aside the pen, and take up the pencil. "I spent the whole night before I left," said he, "in painful indecision, whether or not to yield to the entreaties of my friend."

There is not one man in a hundred who sees clearly through the ludicrous, and possibly not one in a thousand who can make a picture of a grotesque or burlesque scene. But Washington Irving's perception of the burlesque was instantaneous; and his narration of a scene in this kind was not only unstudied, but it was graphic beyond any example which we ever encountered. This we hope to show by-and-by.

We once heard him describe a journey which he took on one occasion, in company with the then late Ex-President of the United States, His Excellency Martin Van Buren, back from the western shore of the Hudson to Albany. They traveled in a comfortable conveyance, entirely at their leisure; journeying by unfrequented roads, skirting the western base of the Highlands, and the Catskill Mountains; stopping to rest at some infrequent roadside inn or humble humble farmer's dwelling, whenever they felt that way inclined; and tarrying at night wherever night overtook them.

"I marked that lazy, pleasant trip," said Mr. Irving, "with a white stone. It was in the leafy month of June. The weather was delicious; and the scenery wild and secluded—sequestered—added a new charm to every stage of our journey." At one of their stopping-places for the night, Mr. Van Buren mentioned as apropos to the coming Fourth of July—the thunder accompaniments of which, subdued by distance, were heard as they reached their journey's end at Albany—a circumstance which occurred on a certain celebration of our anniversary of National Independence, not more than a thousand miles from Kinderhook: "to wit, at the city of Hudson, in the county of Columbia." An aged physician, long a resident in the place, had been invited by the civic authorities to attend the celebration of our "Sabbath Day of Freedom" as an honored guest. He came accordingly dressed, as was his custom, in the garb of one of the "Gentlemen of the Old School" (who, singularly enough, so far as our experience goes, always talk as if they had never been at any school in their lives, slaughtering the President's English, and cracking the skull of old Pierian every third word they utter), with low shoes, black silk stockings, and knee-breeches, with side buckles of sil-

ver; a dignified, white-haired citizen as you would meet of a summer's day.

He was a member of the Society and "Grand Order" of the Cincinnati, and of the "Washington Benevolent Society," and wore, pompously displayed upon his breast, the insignia of his honors; one of which consisted of the portrait of the *PATER PATRIÆ*, imprinted upon a broad white satin ribbon, suspended from his button-hole. After they were seated at the table, and the sumptuous Fourth-of-July dinner was well under way, our old school gentleman was given to understand by the committee that, after the regular toasts had been concluded, he with one or two other sexagenarians was expected, from an upper piazza, to address those of his fellow-citizens who had been unable to hear the wit and wisdom which had been dispensed in the dining-hall after the delivery of each "regular toast." Nothing loth, our good physician consented. He was a huge feeder, however; and old as he was, he was in high health, and had the appetite of an anaconda. Moreover, he loved a generous glass of "the wine of the vine benign" (and several of them, too, at a sitting), and he duly honored each patriotic sentiment with an appropriate imbibition of the same: insomuch that it chanced that, when the "committee" with their guests emerged from the dining-hall upon the piazza, the venerable doctor was almost "off his pins." Upon his appearance, he was received with hearty cheers; for he was a general favorite in the town; and probably had brought into the world five out of twenty of the younger people composing the audience before him. Silence at length ensued. Even "awed consumption checked his chided cough;" and the doctor "opened:"

"Friends and fellow-citizens! Seventeen hundred and seventy-six years ago, General Washington—"

"I guess *not!*" interrupted some one in the crowd. "You mean—"

"I know what I mean," exclaimed the doctor, "without your telling me." (He was mightily "opinionated," and especially impatient of interruption or contradiction in the slightest matter.)

"Friends and fellow-citizens," resumed the dizzy orator, "as I said before, seventeen hundred and seventy-six years ago—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed another individual in the assemblage; "Hold on!—that was before Christ's time!"

"Silence!" roared the doctor, who was determined to get on; "silence! As I was saying, when I was interrupted for the second time, seventeen hundred and seventy-six years ago, General Washington, whom I wear in my button-hole, died!"

"You had better hold up, doctor," said another doubter; "you are coming out of the same hole you went in at. It is pretty impossible for a person for to communicate to another those ideas whereof he himself is not possessed of: because in so doing he is pretty apt to imbibe errors which it is pretty impossible for him to eradicate himself therefrom! Everybody knows what you mean, if you don't. You mean the year 1776, and you don't mean anything else."

This lucid expostulation silenced the doctor utterly, for therewithal the orator, discomfited, retired within, in great disgust.

Most exceedingly amused were we with another anecdote which Mr. Van Buren had narrated to Mr. Irving, apropos to a circumstance mentioned to us at Auburn, on one occasion, by our faithful, life-long friend, then Governor William H. Seward.

"The first case," said the governor, "after I put up my shingle and opened my law-office in Auburn, was in the town of 'Sempronius.' I walked down there on foot for a fee of seven dollars. Van Buskirk, a snip, had sued my client for a coat and breeches which did not fit 'at all, at all,' and he resisted the price. I arrived early on the ground, and after waiting for some time for the opposing counsel, I opened the case and made a perfectly plain statement in favor of my client. The clothes were in evidence, and evidently a wretched botch. And here I rested. Just at this moment there was an excitement in the court-room, and I heard the exclamation, 'There he comes! there's the t'other lawyer,' as he made his way up to the bench.

"Sharp practice!" said he spitefully; "sharp practice these young Auburn lawyers have;" and he took off an old dirty white hat, with 2/6 marked with charcoal on the side, and an old short clay pipe twisted in the band, rolled up his sleeves (he had his coat suspended on a crooked stick) over his shoulder, and thus addressed the court and jury:

"Common law," said he, "is common sense. I haint heerd what this young man has said, and I don't want to hear it. You ain't fools, gentlemen of the jury, and Judge Van Blurkam, he ain't a fool, I guess; and that you know as well as I do. I leave the case entirely to you."

And they brought in a verdict for the impudent, ignorant petitfogger, without leaving their seats. So much for law at that time in the beautiful county of Cayuga.

Well, as we were saying, this gave rise to a kindred anecdote which Mr. Van Buren had told Washington Irving of the celebrated legal orator, Elisha Williams, of Columbia county. He was a most graceful speaker, and his voice, particularly in its pathetic tones, was melody itself. All who remember Ogden Hoffman's voice (he was called "*The Flute*" by his fellow-members of the bar of New York) can

appreciate the mellifluous organ of Mr. Williams. His power over a jury was astonishing. He swayed them as with the wand of an enchanter; and it was very seldom that he failed to secure a verdict for his client; but on one occasion he did, in such a perfectly ridiculous manner, that a crowded court and grave judges on the bench were convulsed with laughter at the burlesque of the result. He was completely discomfited by an ignorant, impudent, unlettered petitfogger who knew no law, but somehow or other had obtained the credit of shrewdness, and the reputation among his farmer neighbors of being hard to beat.

The case, if we remember rightly, was an act of murder. Mr. Williams, of course, on the ground of his power over the jury, was for the defense. His peroration was exceedingly touching and beautiful:

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "if you can find this unhappy prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime with which he is charged, after the adverse and irrefragable arguments which I have laid before you, pronounce your fatal verdict. Send him to lie in chains upon his dungeon floor, waiting the death which he is to receive at your hands; then go to the bosom of your families—go lay your heads on your pillows—and sleep, if you can!"

The effect of these closing words of the great legal orator was at first thrilling; but by-and-by the petitfogger, who had volunteered to follow the prosecuting attorney, arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: I should despair, after the weeping speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, of saying anything to do away with its eloquence. I never heerd Mr. Williams speak that piece of his'n better than what he spoke it jest now. Once I heerd him speak it in a case of stealing, down to Schaghticoke; then he spoke it ag'in in a case of rape, up to *Alsop's*; and the last time I heerd it, before jest now, was when them niggers was tried—and convicted, too, they was—for robbing Farmer Van Pelt's hen-house, over beyond Kingsten. But I never know'd him to speak it so elegant and affectin' as what he spoke it jest now!"

This was a poser! The jury looked at one another, whispered together, and our petitfogger saw at once that he had got them. He stopped at once; closing with the single remark: "If you can't see, gentlemen of the jury, that this one speech don't answer *all* cases, then there's no use of my saying anything more!"

And there wasn't: he had made his case, and they awarded him their verdict.

ROBES OF HONOR.

THEY rise by high heraldic laws,
Who suffer in a nation's cause:
Exalted not, as knights are made,
With courtly oath and accolade.
Not gathered dress, nor ancestry,
Hath gained our peerage its degree;
Yet rank is in its chastened mein
And somber garb and step serene.

In street and chancery, unaware
How good men weary of their glare!
The newly-rich, before our gaze,
With broad armorial trappings blaze;
Fresh-gilt with fortunes, that have grown
While heroes fall and captives moan,
Their costliest fabrics bear a stain:
A nation's loss hath been their gain.

They pass: they flaunt their little hour
Of sudden wealth and fleeting power;
Their scarlet draperies are red
With blood our patriots have shed;
Each gem upon their robes appears
The crystal of a mourner's tears.
But lo, how grave and patient stand
The true gentry of the land!

No badges of an old noblesse
Adorn the meekness of their dress;
No broderied scutcheon, worn aflare
With bar and scroll and ancient name,
No ribboned orders on the breast,
Nor pendent star, nor stately crest;
Yet, all unseen, they bear a cross:
A nation's gain hath been their loss.

And robes of honor are their meed,
Deep sable, hung with crape and weed,
The right of those ennobled well
When, sword in hand, their dear ones fell.
How, in the mystic dress they wear,
The rude grow fine, the fair more fair!
Their skirts with glory's emblems shine,
And bode a long patrician line.

See, in our midst, that garb attires
Heroic mothers, childless sires,
Young orphans prattling near a grave,
And all who mourn the fallen brave.
The silent widow wears her vail;
And oft some maiden, calm and pale,

Bends slowly o'er a shattered helm
To rise—a princess of the realm.

They date from many a grand a field
As ever quartered baron's shield;
From days whose legends shall endure
With Cressy and with Agincourt.
They guard, from henceforth, Freedom's throne
Inviolate within their zone;
For ever bounden to maintain
The laws made holy by their slain.

WANDERINGS IN THE TRACK OF THE NORMEN.

II.

ENGLAND is beautiful, certainly, and many a happy day have I since spent among her hedgerows, her magnificent parks and ruins. But now I am bound for Iceland, and no one here can be found to give the slightest information except that I must go to Norway or Denmark in order to start! In America I had been told to come to Liverpool for information, and now I am told that I must go to Copenhagen, at least, before I can learn the route and means of conveyance. Not even the ubiquitous, red-covered Murray can give me any satisfaction.

When a man is in England, what better can he do than to read the *Times* every day? If he is a true Yankee, it will most likely give him some healthful irritation; at the present time perhaps more than would be good for the health. The polite waiter who wishes to make sure of his shilling bows gracefully over his white cravat, and hands me the *Times*. Almost the first advertisement that meets the eye is, Steam to Iceland! stopping at Leith! A telegram to the agents soon brings an answer, that, for ten pounds sterling, the steamer *Arcturus* will take me to Iceland, starting from Copenhagen the first of August. Nothing could be better. There is just time enough to pass up the coast of Norway, view the midnight sun, and catch something of the spirit of the old Northmen whose track I had determined to follow. Straight across the North Sea to Hamburg, a quaint old city of merchants and money-changers. Armed with a little slip of paper from my banker, very much like a medical prescription, I am conducted by his servant to the loft of the money-changer, an unfurnished dusty attic, where silver coin lies piled in canvas sacks, bank-notes of all nations are bound into bundles, and gold pieces are chinking in the drawers. How cheap money seems to look when it lies out loose in heaps, or piled up in capacious bags! We almost feel ashamed to call for our few pounds, lest they shall not think it worth their while to count out such a trifle! But when the servant has explained my wants, up comes one bag of Danish silver, another of Norwegian, another of Swedish, and bundles of Scandinavian notes, and just the currency I want is counted out, with a quiet nod of the head, as much as to say, If you would like a purse full of Chinese coin, or notes on the National Bank, Kamtschatka, we should be happy to accommodate you. From Hamburg on to Copenhagen. And here we must linger awhile, for it is not only on ground which the Northmen trod, but it is the center where all that is known of them now gathers. Their descendants are among the learned men who delight to recount the history and preserve the memorials of their bold, adventurous, freedom-loving ancestors. The king himself not only favors the work, but enters into the active labors both as an explorer and an author.

Among the quaint old buildings of Copenhagen, we are reminded at once that we have crossed the Atlantic, and have left American customs with the newness and stylish pretensions of our cities. But if we can forget for a moment the buildings and look at the people as they hurry through the more fashionable streets, there is much to remind an American of home. The Danish form and feature have more of the Yankee look than we ever see among the same number of our English cousins. The streets of Copenhagen upon the Sabbath are far more Boston-like than those of London or Liverpool, although the latter has much that is American among its elements. Both the English and Americans trace back their genealogy to the Northmen as one great staple of the present stock; but it would seem that while the English retain, with us, their love of maritime adventure, our climate and habits are bringing us back from the English to the original type, if we can take the present generation of Scandinavians as proper representatives of the northern hordes that once peopled those regions and battled with those seas. So much the eye tells of our relationship, but the ear tells of another language; and that charm of kindly feeling is broken which one has in London, where he hears the language of his own land spoken on every side. But while Copenhagen claims none of the elegance of Paris and some of the other cities of Europe, it has attractions which no other city can boast of. And among these is the Museum of Northern Antiquities, a collection unequalled in interest to every student of the history of Northern Europe. From the mounds and peat-bogs of Denmark itself have been gathered the stone, the bronze, and iron implements of the heathen age, thus divided into three eras according to the use of these three materials from which their weapons and other implements were fashioned. First come the rude implements of stone, and with them the worn and polished masses upon

which they were rubbed until brought to the required form and sharpness. Then comes the series of copper and bronze, or copper alloyed with tin, from which were fashioned implements both ornamental and highly useful—the sword and huge war-horn, so perfect when taken from its rest of centuries in the peat-bogs that the call to battle can still be sounded upon it. Then iron, the present servant and master of the world, makes its appearance; at first in quantities so small as to show its rarity and for purposes that show its acknowledged superiority in usefulness and value over copper; the copper hatchet has an edge of iron, as the iron axe is now edged with steel. These curious records of the past are constantly gathered by the laborers of the kingdom as they delve in their bogs of peat, and they are required to turn them over to some official and receive from him their full value. They are thus added to the great collection, where they are scrupulously preserved and become the property of the world. From Greenland and Iceland are relics that throw light upon the history of those lands, and of later date still, the peculiar relics of the Christian age commencing about the year one thousand, the time of the general introduction of Christianity among those nations. The objects in this truly royal collection are wonderful. So great is their number, and their classification so perfect, under the direction of the excellent Professor Thompson, that we seem able to read the history of the different ages at a glance. While nothing can equal written history, such objects tell much that language cannot express; and one half day spent among those monuments of the past of Scandinavia will shut the mouth of the most cautious believer in antiquarian research. The civilization of the lost generations is here mirrored forth in the implements of every employment—the artisan's tools, the warrior's weapons, and the lady's ornaments—even chains and ponderous rings of gold, as though this ore was plenty in a country now known to have no mines of the precious metals. They speak plainly of Asiatic civilization and Asiatic wealth, and thus add weight to those traditions that bring the successive waves of northern emigration first from the East. I have no intention of attempting to describe even the most rare and costly objects here collected with so much care. They are displayed in twelve rooms of the palace of Christiansborg, under the direction of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, which numbers among its members many of the crowned heads of the world. The Danish king, whose death is just announced, was its president. It is impossible to view these silent memorials of these northern conquerors, and associate with the learned men who claim lineal descent from those whose history they have done so much to perfect, without catching something of their enthusiasm and wondering that we should spend so many years in the study of the antiquities and mythology of Greece and Rome, and hardly know that there is in the early history of our own ancestors a delightful and profitable field for study and exploration.

REVIEWS.

RITTER'S GEOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.*

THIS volume is a most commendable attempt to make known in America those principles of geographical science which Carl Ritter was the first to discover, arrange, illustrate, and announce. His long career as a student, a lecturer, an author, a guide and patron of scientific research, rendered his name illustrious among the learned men of Germany. But notwithstanding his distinction, this is the first English translation which has seen the light, of any portion of his voluminous works. A French version of the *Erdkunde*, begun long ago, was speedily abandoned. The Russian version of this great work is the only one of which we have heard, and the key to its publication in that language may be found in the practical importance which the government of the Czar attaches to his Asiatic influence, and a desire to spread over the East his imperial rule.

Notwithstanding the want of a translation, the methods of investigation which were proposed and exemplified by Ritter are not wholly unknown in this country. Long ago, a gifted American student became acquainted with the principles of the German geographer and did his best to exhibit their application in a text-book which he published. The knowing ones are aware that we allude to William C. Woodbridge. In later days scores of young men fresh from our colleges, attending the lectures of the University of Berlin, have been charmed with the quiet eloquence, the deep philosophy, the marvelous acquisitions, and the vivid imagery of "the good old Ritter;" and multitudes more who never went abroad have learned to honor his name and love his science from the glowing tributes of one of his most illustrious pupils, Professor Arnold Guyot.

Mr. Gage has boldly ventured on a task from which many others have cautiously drawn back in view of its peculiar difficulties. We are not certain that he, to use the military phrase of the day, is quite "master of the situation," but there is certainly no one to dispute with him the position.

Moreover, his aim is so good and his success is on the whole so great that we prefer to speak of his merits rather than point out his defects. We are grateful to one who makes accessible to our countrymen views so profound, so attractive, so suggestive, and so instructive, as these pages contain. We recognize his patience, industry, confidence in the enlightenment of the public, and desire to make popular treasures hidden before from all but the chosen few.

His task was hard. Ritter's style has not the transparency which makes his meaning obvious at a glance. His sentences are sometimes so long and involved that even a German must follow them to the end with vigorous attention. His conceptions are generally vivid and striking, but are often expressed in figurative terms which need to be considered before their literal significance is apparent. For example, when he tells us that "the globe has life," that it is "an organism like an animal or plant," we must ponder well his words, and look for his own interpretation of these phrases, before we can assent to their truth. It is one of Ritter's merits that his thoughts are new; so, also, are his modes of expression. The terms which he introduces are not always to be met with in other writers. They are German coins, and we cannot find at once their equivalent in the currency of any other nation. As he almost created a new science, so did he devise the national words in which that science is expressed. Those who translate him must in like manner discover or contrive a corresponding phraseology. Guyot, when he lectured at the Lowell Institute on Comparative Physical Geography, was fortunate in having as a translator the late President Felton, who thoroughly comprehended the meaning of the speaker, and knew how to express it in choice English accordingly. The "Earth and Man" reads as fluently as if it had been composed in our mother tongue.

Justice compels us to say that Mr. Gage has not been so successful. His translation is obviously a translation. It is sometimes obscure and even inelegant; and yet, if we may judge from the passages which we have compared with the original, it is not over precise. Sometimes we are confident that the translator has not apprehended Ritter's meaning. We acknowledge, however, that the latter part of the volume reads better than the earlier portions; and we have no doubt that in any new attempt of the kind the experience acquired in his work will lead to better results.

Perhaps we have detained the reader too long from the volume itself. It contains seven essays, unlike in form and not intimately connected in their subject matter, the earliest of which was written in 1818 and the latest in 1850. Ritter himself selected them from his manifold papers, and caused them to be published in 1852, under the title, "Introduction to General Comparative Geography," etc. (*Einleitung zur allgemeinen vergleichenden Geographie, etc.*) This title was fitted to mislead one who did not see the book, and we think Mr. Gage did well to change it. The work is not a connected treatise. The first two essays, which gave the title to the volume in German, constitute the preface to the treatise on Africa in the *Erdkunde*. This was printed in 1822 and has long been out of print, so that those who possessed the more elaborate and recent treatises on Asia have regretted that they could not obtain the preliminary discussions which pertain to the world rather than to a single continent and give a sort of general delineation of the field which the author proposed to cultivate. This led to the reprint.

The other five essays are less general in their character. They were read before the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin, and aim to carry out the principles of the first two essays. They are all based on the doctrine that the world must be studied in the light both of natural and historical science. They show the foundations on which as a young man the author began to build, and also glimpses of the superstructure which he lived to construct, and on which he was still working when nearly fourscore years in age. They evince the skillful architect, but will not satisfy those who wish to comprehend the entire edifice. They show that the author was a genius, suggesting in early life notions, relations and systems, which none had recognized before, but which none have ventured to dispute or controvert.

Three volumes which have been published since Ritter's death would in some respects have served to convey a clearer notion of his system, his lectures on Europe, on the History of Discovery, and on General Physical Geography; but these could not have reached this country when Mr. Gage began his labors. Perhaps they will yet be given to the American reader.

We commend this volume to the careful study of all who are engaged in geographical pursuits, and especially to the teachers of this science in academies and high schools. They will quickly see that this neglected or abused branch of study is capable of awakening philosophical reflection, historical inquiry, fondness for the study of nature, and an appreciation of the plan of Creation and Providence, more perhaps than any other branch of human knowledge.

But let no one take up the volume in the expectation of finding detailed descriptions of any country or indeed details of any kind. It is a work full of generalizations. The world as a whole is the theme which is discussed, its adaptation to man's wants, its influence on man's history, its effect on man's culture. The modes of geographical and historical study are discussed. Objections to the common methods of

considering the world are fairly stated, and higher, wiser methods are pointed out. The book is, of course, highly suggestive. Any reflecting mind will be quickened and strengthened by its perusal. It will lead the reader who first is introduced to such views, to a new and keen appreciation of the relations of the created universe to the wants, the capacities, and the aspirations of our race. The accounts of Ritter's life and career prefixed to the essays are a great addition to the value of the work.

We are sure that all who have not access to the German volume, and many who have, will continually be grateful to Mr. Gage for the service he has rendered them by publishing this translation.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S "TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN."

IT is to be regretted that Mr. Longfellow was not content to let the tales in this collection stand by themselves, for that they were written before the setting in which they are inclosed is evident. To account for their being told was as unnecessary, each being complete in itself, as to fail in the attempt to do so was deplorable. He takes an inn in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts, and makes its parlor the rendezvous, one autumn night, of a party of seven, each of whom relates a tale. The idea of such a gathering has been worn threadbare by novelists who have wished to impose their fugitive stories on the world in a permanent form; some of the poets even have adopted it, though only one that we remember with success. We refer, of course, to Chaucer, with whom Mr. Longfellow is compared by a recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who christens these efforts of his muse, "The New England Canterbury Tales!" The comparison is an unfortunate one for Mr. Longfellow, and nowhere more so than in the gallery of portraits which he essayed to paint in his Prelude, after the manner of his master, beside whose rich and finished character-pieces his own are the merest sketches in water-colors. The personages of Chaucer are such as may be supposed to have met at the Tabard Inn, *en route* for Canterbury, a piece of poetic probability which we cannot accord to those of Mr. Longfellow, among whom are numbered a Spanish Jew, a Sicilian, and a musician from Norway. Of the former he sings:

"His garments breathed a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal bland,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes."

This sort of thing is not to be found in the inns of Massachusetts, certainly not in any inn to which our peregrinations have ever led us, though we must confess we have not stopped at the "Old Hobgoblin Hall" in Sudbury. In fact, the whole framework of the poem is as defective as the verse of which it is builded is flimsy.

To the Tales, however. The first, which is related by the landlord, is called "Paul Revere's Ride." It is a fact or fancy of the Revolutionary War, and turns upon a ride of its hero, Paul Revere, on the night when the British left Boston,

"On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five," to warn the inhabitants of the villages about of their departure, that they might be prepared to meet and resist them, as they did the next day at Lexington. It is narrated in a good galloping measure, and contains some spirited lines; but as a whole it cannot be considered successful. Its defect as a work of art is, that the events which lead to the action are described at too great length, occupying more than one-half of the entire poem. It is not without picturesqueness, though its picturesqueness consists in the enumeration of details, rather than in the main effect. It was not essential, for instance, that we should be told that the British man-of-war, on that particular night, was

"A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide,"

since such would have been its appearance on any night in the year. The description of the belfry of the old North church and its surroundings, is as much too long as that of the ride is too short, fifty odd lines of the one hundred and thirty of which the poem is composed being all that can be said to relate to the latter, and twenty of these are rather irrelevant. It opens well, however (the ride, not the poem), as witness this stanza:

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the sparks struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
I heard the tramp of his steed as he rides."

The second line of the next section brings him into Med-

* Geographical Studies by the late Prof. Carl Ritter, of Berlin, translated from the original German, with a sketch of the author's life, by Wm. Leonard Gage. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

* Tales of a Wayside Inn, and Other Poems, by Henry W. Longfellow. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

ford at twelve o'clock; the second line of the next into Lexington at one; and the second line of the next, which is the last of the ride, into Concord at two, at which early hour he "felt the breath of the morning breeze." The "night-side" of these towns is picturesquely indicated; but what Paul Revere saw, or passed, on the road, or roads, along which he rode in order to reach them, we are left to conjecture, the ride itself practically ending at the stanza just quoted. The fault of the poem is a want of action. Mr. Longfellow expends his strength outside the circle into which every true poem resolves itself; he begins too early, and ends too late. Let the reader take down Browning, and turn to his grand lyric, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," the motive of which is similar to that of "Paul Revere's Ride," and he will see how an artist handles such a subject; how compact and vivid his pictures are; how he confines himself strictly to his action; he will see, in short, the difference between a great poet and a pretty one. To conclude "Paul Revere's Ride." It is not, we think, such a story as the landlord would have related; nor do we see why, when "promised them of old," it should have been "always left untold." We suspect, indeed, that the couplet in which this unimportant fact is mentioned, is a reminiscence of Milton's lines:

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambusean bold."

The second tale of the series, "The Falcon of Ser Federigo," is taken from the *Decameron*, the ninth novel of the fifth day, if we remember rightly. It is charmingly told, in easy, heroic lines, which recall those of Leigh Hunt, the best modern master of this species of writing, and undoubtedly the model of Mr. Longfellow in this and three succeeding tales. They want the sparkle, the freshness, and the *naïveté* of "The Story of Rimini," and "Hero and Leander," but they are more gracefully handled, and delicate in tone. The narration of each, while its course is not rapid, moves steadily on, reflecting the picturesqueness through which it passes, as a quiet summer stream the objects along its banks. The flow of the verse is more even than Leigh Hunt's, and entirely free from his carelessness, which, after all, was more studied than real, a trick of art to attain the variety at which he aimed. The diction of these poems, which is pitched in a low, simple key, is occasionally disfigured by such discords as these:

"With secret awe, and *preternatural gloom.*
"The wild *exhilaration* in the air."
"Congratulate each other as they meet."
"By want embittered, and intensified."
"Its awful adumbration passed."

The weakest passage in "The Falcon" is that in which Monna Giovanna and her friend visit Ser Federigo in his garden:

"They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;
And when he looked, and these fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified;
His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Paradise."

This is like Mr. Longfellow, who finds Scripture similitudes where no one else can, but not befitting Ser Federigo, who at such a time would have thought of something nearer and dearer than

"The Euphrates watering Paradise!"

Mr. Longfellow has shown his good sense in confining himself to the Italian version of the story, only departing from it in making the boy, who in Boccaccio is almost grown up, a mere child, which is certainly an improvement on the original.

The third tale, "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi," told by our fragrant friend, the Spanish Jew, is taken from that vast storehouse of great and little thoughts, the Talmud. Its treatment recalls the manner of Leigh Hunt in "Abou Ben Adhem," and other of his Eastern pieces. The clumsiest thing in the volume is Mr. Longfellow's attempt to introduce this legend on the carpet:

"Some one said
An angel is flying overhead."

a bit of information which must have startled the party by its singularity, as well as its utter irrelevancy to anything that had been said before.

"King Robert of Sicily," the fourth tale, is better than anything that precedes it—delightful as a story, and perfect as a fable, with an assurance of quiet power in the telling which we should not have expected from Mr. Longfellow. The only weak lines in the poem are two Alexandrines, the only ones, we believe, in the volume.

The fifth tale, "King Olaf's Saga," is put into the mouth of the musician, who is painted more carefully than any other of the guests, and in such a manner as to justify the belief that he is intended for Ola Bull. "King Olaf's Saga," the reader of foreign literature need not be told, is drawn from "The Heimskringla,"

"A wondrous book
Of legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norway."

It is the most important of all Mr. Longfellow's tales, enough so to have made a volume by itself. It is not a single poem, however, as the title might lead one to suppose, but a num-

ber of poems strung together, a rosary of barbaric beads, the string that runs through which being twisted out of the life and fortunes of King Olaf. The first and last of these little saga-songs relate to the introduction of Christianity into Norway, the former being the challenge of the God Thor, the latter the answer of the Nun of Nidaros; the remainder, twenty in all, are chiefly occupied with events in the reign of Olaf—such as his return to his kingdom; his courting Queen Sigrid; his entertaining the ghost of Odin; his killing the old farmer Iron-Beard, and marrying his daughter Gudrun; his killing Raud the Strong; the building of his ship "The Long Serpent;" his wedding Thyri the Fair; his going to battle with King Svend the Dane; and his final disappearance in the waves in a sea-fight. Around these episodes of a royal life and death cluster, in imagination, at least, infinite poetic riches, in the shape of bygone manners and customs, scenes of adventure and bloodshed, and a picturesqueness as unique to us of to-day as the phantasmagoria of our dreams. Of these materials Mr. Longfellow has taken such portions as his taste led him to prefer, and his talent fitted him to manipulate; what they will appear as we proceed. The second poem of the series, "King Olaf's Return," represents that grim old sea-king as leaning on the railing of his ship, as it goes

"Sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord,"

and as living over his past life in remembrance. As a whole it is feeble, the visions which rise before King Olaf's mental sight being shadowy and indistinct. "Thora of Rimol" is better. It is conceived and executed in a ballad spirit, with an unrhymed refrain, which at the commencement somewhat disturbs the flow of the rhythm. One couplet is poor enough:

"Rich and honored shall be *whoever*
The head of Hakon Jarl shall *dissever.*"

A ballad feeling animates "Queen Sigrid the Haughty," who is described as sitting in her chamber among her maidens waiting, it would seem, for the wooing of King Olaf, which ends by his giving her a blow in the face! The measure chosen, each stanza a couplet, compelled Mr. Longfellow to write more compactly than is his wont—an advantage to the poem in several respects. "The Skerry of Shreiks" is one of the best sections of the Saga. The measure, which recalls that of one of Mr. Longfellow's earlier poems, "Seaweed," is well managed, and, with the exception of some of the short lines, as musical as one could desire. His object, which was to depict an old Norwegian festival disturbed by the descent of a band of sea-marauders, is worked out in a number of spirited stanzas. "Who are those strange people?" asks King Olaf, suddenly awakened, and staring upon the intruders in amazement.

"Eyvind Kellda and his men!"
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;
While the men-at-arms, apace,
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor.
From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around them;
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.
And at eve the King again
Called his train,
And with all his candles burning,
Silent sat, and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.
Shreiks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on;
Thus the sorcerers were christened!"

"The Wraith of Odin," a shadowy conception, clothed in sufficiently distinct language, reads like a translation from the German. The refrain would be less obtrusive, we think, if it were inclosed in brackets. The change from night to morn, in the eleventh stanza, strikes us as being too abrupt. "Iron-Beard" and "Gudrun" are both good of their kind. We copy a portion of the last :

"What a bridal night is this!
Cold will be the dagger's kiss:
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that?" King Olaf said,
Gleams so bright above thy head?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

"Tis the bodkin that I wear,
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor;
'Tis nothing more."

"Thrangbrand the Priest," a Flemish portrait of a lazy, burly old sinner, has a kind of grim, dry humor. "Raud the Strong," "Bishop Sigurd at Salten Fiord," and "King Olaf's Christmas," are more picturesque than vigorous in execution. The measures of the first do not run easily together

in reading; the refrain suggests the Norse poems of Motherwell. "The Building of the Long Serpent" is excellent, the ingenuity of the rhythm imparting a sort of vigor which is refreshing from its seeming carelessness. "The Crew of the Long Serpent" does not call for especial comment. "A little Bird in the Air," the nearest approach to a love-ditty in the whole Saga, is pretty, as the reader may see by the first stanza:

"A little bird in the air,
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other."

"Queen Thyri and the Angelica Stalks" is a pleasant ballad. "King Svend of the Forked Beard" recalls "The Skeleton in Armor," to which, however, it is not equal. "King Olaf and Earl Sigvald" shows power, in a cold, hard way. "King Olaf's War-Horns" blow a sonorous blast:

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King,
And suddenly through the drifting brume,
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarcok,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood."

"Einar Tamberskelva" is a graphic painting of that fearless young bowman. The last stanza, however, is as tame as the rest are spirited. The conclusion of the fifth is striking:

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing
On the quarter-deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking,
From thy hand, O king!"

"King Olaf's Death-Drink,"

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history,"

is a mass of small incidents huddled in jumping verse, which dies away in such "favor and prettiness" as this:

"Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship."

* * * * *
While afar on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring."

We have examined these Norse poems of Mr. Longfellow carefully, and have quoted from them as liberally—as our limits would allow—liberally enough, we trust, to give the reader a taste of their quality. For ourselves we do not greatly admire them, or, to speak by the book, we do not admire the poem of which they are intended to be integral portions, the "Saga of King Olaf." It lacks unity, action, human interest. Everything is described, and nothing done. What a poet of a higher order than Mr. Longfellow could have made of the subject, may be imagined by the readers of Tennyson, the materials of whose "Idylls of the King" are in no sense superior to those in "King Olaf's Saga" (not, indeed, as diluted therein, but as scattered through the *Heimskringla*); or the readers of Matthew Arnold, whose "Balder Dead" almost exhausts the poetic capabilities of old Norse mythology, as does his "Sohrab and Rustum" the antique life of the East as chronicled in the Shah Nameh of Ferdusi. Mr. Longfellow has none of the elements out of which great poets are made; the "Saga of King Olaf" proves it. Nor is he entitled to a high place even among poets of the third or fourth rank. Take Motherwell, for instance, between whom and Mr. Longfellow it is fair to institute a comparison in poems such as we are speaking of. Where in the "Saga of King Olaf" will you find a passage like this—the opening stanza of Motherwell's "Battle-Flag of Sigurd?"

"The eagle hearts of all the north
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!"

Again their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;

Again the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of writhing seas.

Nor swifter from the well-bent bow,

Can feathered shaft be sped,

Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow,

Their snorting galley's tread.

Then lift the can to bearded lip,

And smite each sounding shield,

Wassail! to every dark-ribbed ship,

To every battle-field!

So proudly the Scalds raise their voices of triumph,

As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosomed billow."

Or this, from the "Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skalla grim:"

"Ay, daughter of Einar,
Right tall mayest thou stand,
It is a Viking
Who kisses thy hand."

Thy white arms are locked in
Broad bracelets of gold;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming
With treasures untold;
The circlet that binds up
Thy long, yellow hair,
Is starred thick with jewels,
That bright arc and rare;
But gifts yet more princely,
Jarl Egill bestows;
For girdle his great arm
Around thee he throws;
The bark of a sea-king,
For palace, gives her,
While mad waves and winds shall
Thy true subjects be.
So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride."

There is a strength in such passages as these, and others which we might quote, a wild, weird, stormy spirit, characteristic of the lives of the old Northmen, utterly at variance with, and infinitely superior to anything in, the "Saga of King Olaf."

To return, however, to the Tales. The Interlude which follows next in order, and which introduces us to the Theologian's tale, "Torquemada," is more than a remembrance of Mr. Emerson's singular poem, "The Problem." Of "Torquemada" itself, we will only say that it never should have been told by a poet, its chief element—the horrible—not being a fit one for poetry. "The Birds of Killingworth," the last of these "Tales of a Wayside Inn," is pretty in conception, but spun out to a tiresome length.

The volume ends with seven short poems, which are somewhat affectedly baptized "Birds of Passage." "The Children's Hour," the first of these poems, is a pleasant little "interior," brightened by a group of children who storm in upon the poet, and whom he threatens to imprison in

"The dungeon
In the round tower of his heart,"

a circumstance which makes us wish he had forgotten his architectural reading while writing the poem, not to mention his apocryphal Reverence, the Bishop of Bingen, of whom we may say with Byron,

"What business had he there at such a time?"

"Enceladus," a mythological poem, is a happy foreshadowing of the regeneration of Italy. "The Cumberland," a lyric which attempts to celebrate the memorable fight in which that grand old ship went down, is every way inferior to Mr. Boker's noble ballad on the same subject. "Snow Flakes," one of Mr. Longfellow's "cloudy fancies," is rather too fragile to be handled. "A Day of Sunshine" is better, though a little too fanciful. "Something Left Undone" was written for the image in the last stanza:

"And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky."

"Weariness" (an ominous ending for the volume!) is in Mr. Longfellow's earlier manner, which, we hardly need say, is not his best.

The impression left upon our minds by this last volume of Mr. Longfellow's (the tenth, we believe, that he has published in twenty-five years) is, that the popularity which he enjoys is considerably above that which his talents entitle him to. Not gifted with genius in the highest sense, and possessing no unusual qualities of intellect, he has succeeded in winning a large circle of intelligent readers. This he has done by never writing above their comprehension. His themes, even those which are the furthest removed from their knowledge, are still within the range of their sympathies, and so managed by him as not to cost the majority too much effort to understand them. The common and familiar in real life—the pretty and the pathetic in books—picturesque aspects of the past—gentle trains of sentiment and reflection, colored by a practicable morality—of such stuff the tissue of his songs is woven. His diction is simple and direct, with a kind of freshness about it, a certain sweetness and elegance natural to him; and his measures are generally plastic and melodious. He has done many things well. But the things which authenticate the great poet, who, by virtue of his divine office, is a cosmical thinker as well as a profound artist, he has not done, and cannot do. What rank he will hold in the future is a problem with which he does not appear to trouble himself, and wisely, since no man can foresee or control the world's fluctuations of opinion. John Cleaveland was for years a more popular poet than John Milton; and Pope than Goldsmith and Cowper; and Tom Moore than Shelley; even poor Tupper had, and we dare say has, multitudes of admirers. But the whirligig of Time will bring in its revenges. How the grim old graybeard will deal with Mr. Longfellow, we can only conjecture; at present he honors him as the most popular of living poets.

THE SIOUX WAR.*

THE story of the Indian troubles in the Northwest appears at last in book form. Much to the disappointment of those who had hoped to get at the true state of affairs in connection with the Indian policy through the medium of a thorough and complete history, the volume now presented by Mr. Heard is a mere film of the true history, and

only a partial account of the Sioux war of the past two years. There has been bad policy, from first to last, on the part of our Indian agents and officials who have operated in the Northwest; and it wanted a man of comprehensive views to state things as they really are, and to furnish history which should educate the people in these affairs, which can be so easily, and which have been so adroitly covered up from their knowledge.

The true story of the Sioux troubles has never been told to the people. The Indians have been blamed for the whole of the wrongs they committed on the occasion of the massacres, when, in fact, the history of their own wrongs received at the hands of the whites whom government sent out to deal with them covers every species of insult, fraud, and injustice. And the campaigns of the last two seasons sent out to the plains of Dakota have been huge, unwieldy concerns, devised without genius, economy, or sense. These matters might, and ought to have been fully and fairly recorded, to be of service in adding to the history of the country.

The book of Mr. Heard is a pleasant collection of random sketches, evidently thrown together with haste and a desire to be "first in the field." It says little or nothing of the general condition of Indian affairs in the Northwest, gives no statement of the general effect of the Indian outbreak upon travel toward the Pacific, hardly intimates the threatening aspect of the 28,000 Chippewas who dwell in the forests of Minnesota, makes no attempt at summing up the present and prospective injury done to Minnesota by the trouble, and does slim justice to the Minnesota, Iowa, and Nebraska men who have suffered so much upon the hot plains, especially during the past season. On the whole, it is a very unsatisfactory book, and we hope some one capable of honest record, impartial criticism, and broad, comprehensive views, will prepare a fuller and better history. There surely must be some one in the West who is conversant with these matters, and who can compile such a work.

LETTERS TO THE JONESES.*

"TIMOTHY Titcomb" has finished his career as an author. Hereafter the mantle will be assumed by Dr. Holland in person. During the past six years the preachings and teachings of this unacknowledged, yet not unknown writer, have been everywhere welcome as the counsels of a genial heart, and the name of "Titcomb," now dropped by its owner, has become pleasantly familiar among the people. The first volume of "Letters" was a brilliant success. "Gold-Foil" and "Lessons in Life" followed, both in the same style of preaching and teaching, but less striking and far less popular than the "Letters." Venturing once again in the same field, Dr. Holland now offers the "Letters to the Joneses."

It is certainly unfortunate that this volume, placed in the market as the last of "Timothy Titcomb," should be so greatly inferior to all the other productions of its author. It is simply another proof of the oft-repeated assertion that the didactic and personal style of writing will in time force itself into failure and almost disgust. The original freshness and cordial geniality of the writer are seldom detected in these twenty-four "Letters." This is to be partially accounted for by a great diversity of cares which pressed their author during the time he was engaged in their preparation, but more by reason of the style having exhausted itself in the hands of the writer.

The most complete and permanent literary success of Dr. Holland was his sparkling and charmingly planned "Bitter-Sweet." The golden verse of this semi-drama will long remain to bring up pleasant memories of "Timothy Titcomb" when his other works are forgotten. The "Letters to the Young" were calculated to strike a popular vein, and as such have met constant and generous sale both at home and abroad. If the writer could have been satisfied with one book in this strain, and thereafter have devoted himself to a higher field, and a heartier consecration in the realm of true literature, it would have rendered his literary name and fame more unmistakable and certain. It is a very fascinating employment to catch the ear of the masses, and preach at random with pen and ink. But it is not the best development of literary taste and culture, both of which Dr. Holland possesses by natural inclination rather than by education. What he has learned has been through a process of absorption rather than of book-study, and acquiring thus from men he returns it in the form of particular and personal counsel. We have an abundance of didactic writing in the country. It has already become too prolific for its own success. Those authors who have adopted it have many of them injured their literary reputations and fame. The pulpit is the true field of the preacher, and not the printed page. Literature should be suggestive rather than expostulatory. The new class of authors who are throwing about so lavishly the products of their experience do not really advance the literary interests, which are confined to no country and no class of men. The "Letters to the Joneses" may give some thoughtless man or woman an idea which will be turned to account, but such a mass of advice thrown out in such chunks is too much for the general reader.

We are glad to know that Dr. Holland does not rest his

literary labors here, but that from the beautiful shades of "Brightwood," where he looks down upon one of the most charming landscape views of the country, he will send forth a poem—we trust a great song—which shall echo new fame and victories for its author.

A R. T.

MR. IRVING AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS.

It is becoming so much the way to place exhibition single paintings of some special significance or merit, and to demand a quarter of a dollar for the sight of them, that perhaps we have no right to quarrel with the fee which was demanded of us as we blundered accidentally into the little pavilion of green, outside the Artist Fund show, where the painting named at the head of this notice is now to be seen, and (if chosen) subscribed for. The coloring is by Mr. Schussele, after a sepia sketch by Darley. It has had the usual current favorable mention in the daily papers—praiseworthy, of course—and people go to see it, and make it the hinge of easy, salon talk. The entire public entertain so cordial and friendly a recollection of the great author of Sunnyside, that it takes hold freely and in a most kindly way upon whatever relates to him. This alone would call visitors, even though the painting were execrably poor.

We have certainly seen better paintings, and we have seen worse. There is a stiffness about it which is inevitable in all such groupings, where the artist must needs turn the heads of all the sitters, so that he may catch a likeness of each. But it is not so much to the handling of the picture that we object as to its conception. It is called (in the advertisements) Mr. Irving and his Literary Friends; contemporaries would have been more within the bounds of truth; still it represents an assemblage that most certainly never did meet in Mr. Irving's little parlor, and by no possibility—seeing the tastes and habits of the man—could ever have met there. It was wholly foreign to Mr. I.'s character to become the center of such a formidable conclave of writing men. We do not think that Mr. Irving, with his modesty and his lack of pretension, could have survived for a single winter the mutual admiration system of Boston. Only fancy him chaired, and put to the utterance of Orphic sayings, while fifteen disciples of the "hub," male and female, wait with open mouths and ears for the delivery! Yet there is a little of this about the picture—perhaps made vivid by the presence of so many Boston men; indeed, with the lolling Cooper, and Paulding, and Halleck, and Kennedy wiped out, it might almost be entitled—"Boston extends its distinguished patronage to Mr. Irving." We are aware that Mr. Bancroft, who holds a prominent place, is now a New York citizen; but he will allow us to remark that his attitude and contour in the picture are as near to Boston out-Bostoned as it would be possible to come.

If any person in the world ever had a horror of Orphic discourse—or of sublimated literature, and of literary sublimators in clavé—Mr. Irving was that man; and if he could by any possibility have caught a glimpse of such a gathering as is here represented, with Longfellow about to deliver an oration (a thing he never does in society, and Darley has vilified him in this); Mr. Bancroft ready to follow up with a harangue upon the destiny of nations; Emerson detaching in his mind all explanatory words from some thoughts of his, presently to leap forth nakedly on the Tribune; and Holmes as full of three puns, to popping, as a Cliquot pint with the strings cut—Mr. Irving would have dashed out of doors, as it seems to us; or he would have taken Kennedy by the arm into a corner, or he would have made a bold push to draw off the bristling intellectism by asking Mr. Emerson when he came down, and how he left his family. In short, there is no vraisemblance to the picture; it is not true to the character of the man; there was never such a group in his parlor, and never could have been if he had lived to 1900. Mr. Irving was a man who patted his friends on the back, and was hale-fellow with them; but who, except probably Van Amburgh, would pat Mr. Bancroft on the back, or Mr. Emerson?

If the picture had been true to its name, Paulding and Kennedy should have held more prominent positions, and we should have found there such men as Henry Brevoort and Charley Hoffman, the white locks of Gouverneur Kemble, the cheery phiz of Gaylord Clark, the pensive, earnest face of Mr. Putnam, and the spectacles of Dr. Cogswell, besides the aged brother so long an inmate of the house, with his hand raised to his ear, and the two nephews, Pierre and John Irving. Then it would have had that best merit of such a piece—truth.

The sepia sketch is by no means of Darley's best. Portraiture is not his forte; nor does he deal well with a flowing pigment. He wants the sharp, clearly defined strokes of the pencil to show his best power. His quick, nervous way is not adapted to wash drawings. He wants no color that floats; every touch must tell where he makes it—fine, incisive, full of meaning. When he is vague he fails; where he is clear he triumphs. To be vague and pleasing is an easier art, but Darley, and we thank him for it, has not yet learned it.

ARTISTS' STUDIOS.

A BRIEF visit to the studios of several of our artists enables us to give our readers the following items. Through the courtesy of those not mentioned in these notes, we hope, next week, to furnish a complete list of their latest works. In the meantime we take pleasure in offering such items as the following:

A. WARREN.—Mr. Warren, though generally known as a landscape and marine painter, bids fair to take his place among the young figure painters of this city. He is at present engaged upon a very promising little picture entitled "Parting Counsel," representing a sailor lad sitting in the gun-room port of a man-of-war, listening to his sister, who sits beside him with an anxious, loving face, expressive of tenderness and concernment. The relation between the figures in the half light and the bright light of day outside is very true, and the picture, as a whole, of a pleasing gray tint. In addition to this fresh and interesting painting, Mr. Warren has many strong and vigorous studies of the rocks at Mount Desert.

MR. HAZELTINE.—Mr. Hazeltine has just completed a picture of Newport rocks. It is remarkable in the force and truth with which the effect of sunlight on the rocks and water is rendered. It is also better in quality of color than most of Mr. Hazeltine's rock studies. We have seldom, if ever, seen a stronger piece of painting. It belongs to the class of work that the Germans call objective—that is, work unaffected by emotion or mental peculiarity. It is the strongest way of rendering the fact of the subject. The picture may be seen at the gallery of Goupil & Co.

W. J. HENNESSY.—Mr. Hennessy is engaged upon an interior with figure, more important in size than most of his works. The

* History of the Sioux War and Massacres of 1862 and 1863, by Isaac V. D. Heard. Harper & Brothers, New York.

* Letters to the Joneses, by Timothy Titcomb (Dr. J. G. Holland). Scribner & Co., New York.

background is a clear, transparent piece of painting, and the pose of the girl knitting in the doorway good. The figure itself is not sufficiently advanced for us to speak of it in less general terms.

R. W. HUBBARD.—Mr. Hubbard has recently completed a picture of the Connecticut River. In addition to this work are many sketches and studies in his studio, No. 15 Tenth street, most of which indicate the rare special quality of Mr. Hubbard's genius—purity and elevation of feeling.

M. WHITREDGE.—Mr. Whitredge's latest work is an interior with figure, an old man reading a paper. The picture is of great excellence. The most noticeable fact about it is the sense of sunlight in the room, which is rendered with great effect and subtle truth.

J. F. KENSETT.—Mr. Kensett is at present engaged upon one of his largest and most important landscapes. It is a composition based on studies of Lake George scenery, and represents an autumnal effect. Already it shows the master, and has passages of color of exquisite delicacy and beauty. We hope to find it, when completed, strong as well as subtle in color, and doubt not that it will prove Mr. Kensett's greatest work.

S. R. GIFFORD.—Mr. Gifford has recently painted two delightful wood interiors. One is of special excellence, and like everything Mr. Gifford does, instinct with what may be called the sense of the subject. The one of which we speak was exhibited at the Brooklyn Art Association reception last week. The drawing of the tree on the right is beautiful, and its form stately. Perhaps the most happily managed part of the picture is the light on, and disposition of, the cows going into the depths of the wood-road, with their backs lighted here and there by a gleam of sunshine. At present Mr. Gifford is engaged upon a picture of a storm in the mountains. The torn skirts of a great black thunder-cloud are seen driven over a mountain top on the right. In the center a full radiant light shines and lights the autumn woods on the left, below which is a lake. The picture has an element of the grand, and in its rendering of the forces of nature almost approaches the sublime. It is as yet unfinished, and therefore we cannot judge conclusively.

LAWNT THOMPSON.—Mr. Thompson has finished in marble one of the most beautiful and exquisitely modeled busts of childhood that we have ever seen. Indeed, with the exception of Palmer's "Little Peasant," it is the most beautiful and affecting piece of work of which we know. The rendering of the flesh, of the throat, the melting, delicate lips, the brow, the hair, is of excellence so great as to escape the most subtle characterization of words. At present Mr. Thompson is working at a statuette, a model in clay, of the first Napoleon.

M. BEARD.—Mr. Beard is preparing to paint on a large scale the most dramatic and intense conception that we have seen on his easel. The subject is entitled "The Watchers." As a conception it is sufficient to give Mr. Beard a rank that he could not claim before. We hope, if we may venture a suggestion, that Mr. Beard will avoid the unpleasant purple tone that mars the effect of his smaller picture when he paints the larger work. Mr. Jarvis, an art critic shackled and weakened by the dilettante spirit and an apparent preference of art to nature—certainly more knowledge of art than of nature—writes of Mr. Beard, in the English *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, thus: "In one artist from the great West, Beard by name, we have a humorist of the first water. His specialty is to infuse into animal compositions spiritually composed and weakly painted human fancies, passions, and ideas. Anything in painting more ludicrously clever in its way we have never seen, than his 'Jealous Rabbit' and 'Grimalkin's Dream.'"

NEW FRENCH PICTURES.—M. Knödler, of the house of Goupil & Co., has just received the French pictures which we announced last week as soon to be on public exhibition. Frere, Willems, Fichel, Trayer, and Calarne, are among the most celebrated. We shall offer some remarks on these very fine pictures next week.

M. SCHAU'S ART EMPORIUM.—Mr. Schau's gallery is at present enriched by an original picture by Gustave De Jonghe. It is one of the finest specimens of this celebrated and exquisite master. It is characterized by rare elegance, is full of expression, and most charmingly painted. It represents the very ordinary fact of a beautiful vase broken by a young girl. Such, however, is the charm of the style, the beauty of the drawing, the grace of the composition, and the natural strength of the painting, that it is invested with all the best charms that art can give to the rendering of a picture of such a fact. It is enough to make our men, who aim at the same thing, despair. To produce such a little picture here, the first essential is familiarity and sympathy with the life of elegance. All of Gustave De Jonghe's pictures show that the artist is a man of gentle blood and high breeding. We suppose it is unnecessary for us to remark that De Jonghe is a French painter of the home life of the best classes in France.

MR. FRITH AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The *Saturday Review*, in an article headed "An R. A. Painted by Himself," cleverly hits Mr. Frith, the most popular living painter in English art. It seems that investigations into the causes of the exclusion of certain pictures at the last Royal Academy Exhibition, disclose that Mr. Frith is one of the active opponents of certain kinds of modern art work, and also brings out his opinions. Among other things, Mr. Frith (speaking of his right to dictate what is good art) said: "I think we might be supposed to know better than the people who write for the papers." The critic of the *Saturday Review* replies that Mr. Frith is welcome to say so, *indebted as he has been himself, and that in the very largest manner, to those very ignorant people for the noteworthy and paying quality of his own pictures?*" This is severe but true, since the painter of the "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station" has been "written up" by the press of England more than any living English painter.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, December, 1863.

Not the least interesting result of the Sanitary Fair now open in this city, is the gathering together at the gallery of the Boston Athenaeum of some chosen pictures from the private collections of our city. Such a call in New York would doubtless produce more choice productions than these two hundred specimens afford; for we are not perhaps rich in proportion to our pretensions in the higher spheres of pictorial art. There are doubtless many more specimens of Stuart, Copley, and Allston among our households than this collection affords, but for a larger display there was not probably room; while it is not by any means certain that the committee in charge would not have shown more taste in gathering more of such, than giving place to some here, that are supposed to bear such names as Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, and the like. They will doubtless excuse themselves on the score of variety, and the need of increasing receipts by appealing to the popular glorification of old masters.

In many respects, the most engaging canvas is one of the late portraits of Sir Walter Scott, by Leslie, which Prof. Ticknor has allowed to be taken from his library walls. This gentleman form-

ed an acquaintance with Scott about 1819, introduced by Irving, and at his request Leslie made this likeness in 1824. Lockhart saw it incomplete, and says in his catalogue of Scott's portraits, that it promised well. It is a half-length, sitting, clad in a common every-day suit, with one hand on a cane-head. No adequate engraving of it has ever been made. Leslie told some one that no portrait of Scott ever painted had shown the benevolent aspect of his countenance to the same degree that it always appeared to him; and this likeness bears out the saying somewhat, in that it gives more of that same expression than any other I remember. There is one other look peculiar to it. That miniature head of Scott, taken when he was a mere child of five or six, in profile, shows a remarkable nipping expression to the upper lip, and in no other portrait of his mature years is that same look preserved to the degree it is in this. The air is one of a quiet content, hardly bespeaking the fire of genius concealed beneath that lofty crown. It has nothing of that bearing of imbecility which so marks Knight's likeness, painted two years later, and engraved in Lodge's portraits; nor that approach to spirit, which Sir Thomas Lawrence gave to his fine head, and which Chantrey nearly reached in his bust. The informing power of genius, as thus given to outward expression, will doubtless always please most the admirers of the mighty creator, but the physiognomist will delight always to look upon the less ostentatious presentation of a picture like this in the Athenaeum Gallery.

The last great fair held in Boston before the present was that, I think, four years ago, in aid of the fund to give Ball a commission for a statue of Washington. After conscientious labor, the small equestrian model which was then exhibited has grown into a colossal plaster image, considerably modified in contour and detail, and now nearly completed for the founder. Mr. Ames of the Chickopee Works gives, I believe, no hopes of being able to undertake it, as long as the present war demands so largely of his foundry, and as at least a year and a half must elapse after the plaster is cut up and put into his hands before he can present us with the completed bronze, it is likely to be some years yet before it will find its permanent position.

Mr. Ball intended the work to be just the size of Brown's in Union Square, N.Y.; but in working it up to a state of finish, he has exceeded that by a few inches. The horse is a powerful animal, as light in shape as a war horse is allowed to be, and the artist has laboriously fashioned him, working from living models, casts (some of his own making), and photographs. He is reined in to a stand still, and taken before all his feet are fixed to the ground. Washington sits erect, dressed as a general, his eye peering into the distance as if watching some maneuver of his troops, the point of his drawn sword fallen upon the wrist of the bridle hand, as if, having pointed out with it a direction to an aid, it had dropped while his attention was riveted, and thus found a resting-place which enabled the artist to give the needed repose a statue should have. The head of Washington is a noble one, and is based upon Houdon's, undoubtedly the most authentic, and in the opinion of the venerable Josiah Quincy, the only one where resemblance has not been made dubious by the idealizing trick of the artist. Mr. Ball has not, however, neglected to study thoroughly the head by Stuart, now in the Boston Athenaeum.

The entire effect of the composition, as it now stands in the spotless white of plaster, is very gratifying. The artist has had the advantage of a sufficiently large and lofty room to build it up in, one which he had erected purposely, with proper lights, and a turn-table, which enables him to present every aspect of it to varying light. It has been a pleasure to see the conception come forth under his tools, and these, I may say, are seemingly very rude—not that they are not the very things he wanted, which they doubtless were. The ordinary implements for molding in clay were, of course, unfit for the material he worked in. There was first a framework of iron bars, following the curves of the legs of the horse, projecting for the neck and head. Then wisps of hay, or some such material, was put in a bulk, till a rude resemblance of the horse was formed. The structure was now ready for the rough splashes of moist plaster, and the shape acquired with using mere pieces of iron hoop for scrapers, or smaller implements of almost as rude construction, of this or the other curve, or varying in the shape of point; or with rough files, looking much like a boy's bat, set thick with screws imbedded to their heads at an angle. Then, when the horse was about completed, I saw it one day with wisps of hay hanging on each flank; these again became the legs of the rider, and upon this rose the body, and finally came the minute care that scratched away, and scratched away, till every detail came out perfect. It is not yet definitely settled by the committee having it in charge where the statue will be placed. There could hardly be a better place for it, however, than the public garden, directly opposite the opening of Commonwealth avenue.

Mr. Ball has now in hand the small model of Forrest as Coriolanus, which some of that actor's friends have ordered. He has already molded the tragedian's head, and takes the two with him to Italy in the spring, there to set up the model in life-size, and superintend its transmission into marble.

Every time I go into his studio I regret that nothing has been done with the statuette of Allston, which he brought back as one of the fruits of his Italian study when he returned seven or eight years ago. The contemplative artist sits in his loose robe, with some of the insignia of his art beside him, half rapt in look, much as if considering the maxim that comes so forcibly to every true artist's mind, *Life is short and art is long*. This model is worthy of being put into permanence. It ought to adorn some spot where a society that he did so much to elevate may have a constant recognition of one so lofty, so pure, so enduring. Mr. Ball knew Allston in the happy artistic relation of almost filial reverence. The great painter was a man that bade a young artist God-speed heartily and yearningly. His good nature could even brook youthful arrogance; but Mr. Ball was not a man to be guilty of what another, notoriously if not worthily, known in art circles was. He took his instruction devotedly, and has lovingly embodied his reverence in his ideal of the man.

W.

FOREIGN ART NOTES.

MR. SCHULZE, a German architect, residing in this city, but at present in England, has brought to the notice of the London *Art Journal* a process designed to overcome the manual labor attendant on wood engraving, which process is illustrated by two engravings in the November number of the *Journal* from plates prepared by Mr. Schulze for this purpose:

The drawings are made on glass, with a pen supplied with ink composed of gum arabic, dissolved in water, and colored with lamp-black. The drawing, when finished, is covered with a composition of beeswax, asphaltum, resin, and linseed oil. The plate is then submitted to the action of running water, which removes the waxy substance above the lines of the drawing, but leaves it undisturbed between the lines. From the plate so prepared a good electrotype can be obtained for printing. The impressions, when they come from the press, greatly resemble etchings, the style of engraving to which they are nearly allied.

For certain effects the process can be made available, particularly for architectural drawings; but the prospect of its ever taking the place of wood engraving, which it is designed to supersede, is

small indeed, for the qualities that go to make the great charm of wood engraving can be obtained by no other process yet discovered—certainly not by the use of the materials to which our attention has been drawn. The freedom of the pencil can never be equaled by the pen, and the absence of tinting, so exquisitely employed by such artists as Birket Foster, our own Darley, Whittney, and others, in their drawings on wood, cannot possibly be supplanted by results wholly brought about with the aid of pen and ink.

A fine collection—as perfect as it could be made—of specimens of xylography, or wood engraving, would be very valuable and extremely interesting. It would have to begin not only with specimens taken from Egyptian tombs, where they have been preserved a period of three thousand years, but also with samples from India, where the art of block printing was understood before the art (if in the rude state in which it existed at that time it could be called an art) was carried into Egypt. Then we should have a collection of the saints as presented to the believing at the close of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth; also the curious block books of the Low Countries; and fine samples of Dürer's works, who really raised engraving to an art. But how could we reproduce and "popularize" the works of a man whose ambition could only find scope in engraving a block ten feet by nine?—the size of his triumphal arch of Maximilian. And then, after a long and dreary interval, we would have the exquisite drawings of Bewick of Newcastle, the inventor of the art, as he has been called, because he rescued it from the oblivion into which it was fast settling, giving it vigor and a new life. In many respects his works have never been surpassed—certainly not for truth and refined feeling. But it is only of late years that the compass of wood engraving has been understood; and to appreciate this, one has but to compare specimens of the art issued not more than twenty-five years ago with the drawings of John Gilbert's endless illustrations, Weir's animals, Birket Foster's landscapes, and scores of other celebrated artists, engraved by Dalziel, Butterworth, and Heath, and many more whose names will at once be recalled by every lover of art. It is frequently said that wood engravers render imperfectly the works of artists intrusted to their hands; this may hold good with engravers of ordinary talents; but for a full refutation of the charge against engravers generally, we refer the reader to "Pictures of English Landscape," drawn by Birket Foster, and engraved by the brothers Dalziel—the summation of all that could be desired at the hand of the designer and the engraver.

Every artist has a "handling" of his materials, if we may so express it, which is as distinct and marked as the handwriting of any individual. By these peculiarities one may readily recognize the works of any well-known artist without referring to a catalogue, or to the margin of a print, to learn his name. We may take another opportunity to designate some of the sign manuals, by which, with moderate degree of attention, one may readily recognize the works of the best designers, and with far greater accuracy than he could detect the peculiarities in an author's style. At present we will only point to one of these features, or rather the absence of a feature, in the drawings of Birket Foster, taking, for example, the work already referred to, Pictures of English Landscape. His figures are always graceful and natural, but it is remarkable that there should be such a paucity of eyes where there are so many heads; and yet, singularly enough, one would hardly miss a feature so essential, as he admires the well-drawn rustics seated by the roadside, at labor in the field, or dreaming by the limpid stream.

If the reader is the fortunate possessor of the above-named work, let him turn to it and see how true are our remarks. In the "Little Anglers" there are four figures, and we only see the downcast lids of one pair of eyes. Yet the figures could hardly be more naturally drawn. In the "Farm Yard" there is but one figure, and that one stoops so as to hide her face. The three gleaners have only one eye in sight, and you only see the backs of the four reapers. Five figures are engaged in building the "Hay Rick;" you only see one face, and that is too far off to make out the features. The eyes of the figure in the foreground of the "Country Inn" are hid by the rim of his hat; and the same may be said of the only figure at the "Watering Place." "The Smithy" has six figures; you see but imperfectly the face of one, standing in the shade. In the "Wood Wain" the backs of all the children are turned to the spectator. The only figure at the "Cottage Door" has her eyes cast down on her work, so that you see only the lids, and the same applies to the solitary figure at the "Dipping Place." Of course there are exceptions to the above in this and every other collection of the artist's drawing; but we think it will be found, as a general rule, that the eyes of three out of every five of his figures are hid from the spectator.

The heaps of rubbish in and around Rome are now frequently disturbed—ruined, rather—with the hope of bringing to light valuable works of ancient art. The excavations are at times crowned with considerable success. In this way a magnificent statue of the Emperor Augustus has been brought to light, and one, heretic, of Faustina, wife of Antonius Pius, has been exhumed in preparing the ground for the railroad passing Villa Missimi. One account says it was near Villa Negroni; but this is a matter of little moment. The statue has been placed in the Hall of the Dying Gladiator, in the Capitol.

Twenty-nine pictures have been added to the English National Gallery; of these twenty-two are called "Prince Albert's Gift," because, as the inscription affixed to them attests, they were given by the Queen in fulfillment of a wish of the Prince Consort.

The Marchioness of Waterford, one of the ablest of the school of English amateur painters, is painting in distemper, in twelve arched compartments on the walls of a school-house in Northumberland, scenes representing boys and girls mentioned in the Bible.

A series of "Portraits of Inventors of Machines for the Manufacture of Textile Fabrics" has been published in Manchester and London. A notice of these prints, in the *Art Journal*, has brought out the following remarkable fact:

"A notion may be formed of the extent of some of the fancy branches of the trade, from the fact of one firm in Glasgow employing 26,000 persons in sewing or embroidering muslins, the whole number employed in the town being 110,000. It was affirmed in 1857 that the quantity of goods there manufactured was so great, that if they had to be bleached in the old way, by exposure to the air, the whole surface of Great Britain would not suffice for bleaching grounds."

The *Court Journal* states that the desire expressed by her Majesty for a small theater contiguous to the royal residence at Windsor, will now probably be realized. The drawings are made, and in four months it is thought the building will be complete.

The *London Builder* reports the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of an artist, Mr. Foster, of Derby, on the 8th ult. "Mr. Foster," it says, "served under Abercrombie in Egypt, and left the army on the day on which Nelson died. He afterward became an artist, and then a publisher, dealing largely in charts. He has been five times married, and his youngest child, born sixty-eight years after his eldest, is now only ten years of age."

The *Stethoscope* may well ask, "Is there anything new under the sun?" when it brings forward the evidence that the art of photography was understood nearly a century ago. It says that specimens of photography on silver plate, made by the Lunar Society in 1791, have been brought to light in the Boulton

Library. In the British Museum there is a small address on photography, published in 1788. And it is known that Thomas Wedgwood, son of Josiah, the celebrated potter, in connection with Sir Humphry Davy, experimented in this now popular branch of art in 1791.

DRAMA.

MANAGEMENT—WITH A SPECIMEN.

A long time ago, when play-actors were outlaws by act of Parliament—when their calling or profession was looked upon as a species of mild begging—when patronage was bestowed as old bones are tossed to a scurvy dog—when barns and rickety, barracks and even open fields were all that could be called theaters—in those good old days there was ample excuse for any real or apparent neglect of the world before the curtain and the wretches behind it. But the good old days passed away, the histrionic art grew into favor, the barn was exchanged for a real house, the loose board platform for a positive stage, gold and paint bedecked the new temples, and, rising from their stools in a beer-garden to a smooth plank seat in a real theater, the drama's patrons were dumb with gratification—words could not express their delight at the improvement. After the Roundhead persecution, about the middle of the seventeenth century, came the scandalous opposite, in which Charles and Nell Gwynne were prominent actors; the stage, under royal patronage, became insolent, obtrusive, corrupt, and openly shameless. Of course another reaction was inevitable; the stage had almost dug its own grave, and the slowly reviving consciousness of a nation drunk with bestiality began to visit its own sins of omission upon the most prominent offender against public morality. So, in alternate war and peace, through fires of persecution and hotter fires of its own mad license, the Modern Stage, greatly reformed and purified, has come to be a recognized and cherished institution—a great teacher among men, rivaling the academy and the forum in its influence, speaking alike to the stubborn bigot and the plastic child, and sowing for good or ill the seeds of instruction all along the path of the rising generation.

Fulfilling, or striving to fulfill, such important functions, what should the stage be? It would call for more space than we can now spare to answer this question thoroughly, but we may jot down a few heads which will serve as suggestions rather than answers:

1. The stage should be moral, conscientious, high-toned, and instructive.
2. Its temples should be elegant, comfortable, and healthful.
3. Its professors should be—first, respectable; second, educated; third, talented; fourth, actors and actresses by nature.
4. Its managers should be men of high character and varied attainments, of generous minds and lofty ideas, of irreproachable character and recognized good standing.

We take it that these points are manifest, and need no argument. We know that they are not the rule, and know that the stage suffers, the profession is degraded, and the public are not only swindled but depraved because of the absence of a moral responsibility among those who ostentatiously undertake the control of public entertainments, and make management what it should not be—all the way from the opera to the concert halls.

We are fully aware that, in what we have to say on such a topic, every manager will flatter himself that he is the specimen picture drawn, and his house the very one meant. Therefore, to make all plain, and blaze our way straight to a fair mark, we state distinctly that, for the purpose of illustrating what theatrical management should not be, we take as an example the WINTER GARDEN. This house, though comparatively new, has had its up-and-down history; its few successes and many failures; its whole round of seasons long and short; of actors great, small, and insignificant; and of managers fit, fitful, unfit, and fitless. We need not go back to the great Tripler Hall—a vast open space—which the noble voice of Daniel Webster and the wonderful organ-power of Jenny Lind scarcely served to fill. Fortunately, that monstrous sarcophagus burned down. On its ruins rose a goose-phoenix which the energy of Laura Keene tried in vain to make popular; which subsequently became the Old Man of the Sea to Burton the great; which fell into the hands of that managerial vampyre, Dion Boucicault; which descended—even from him—to the present possessor, Jackson of the Bowery. So much for its history.

As a New York theater it claims rank A No. 1, and as it claims it must be judged. Let us make an imaginary visit to this temple of high art, reader, and see what we shall see. (You need not imagine that this exact time is meant—any time within three years will do.) We look in our morning paper to see the bill, and are delighted to find that a Wonderful Success is running to immense audiences; a play with remarkable power, startling effects, and heavenly moral; or, perhaps, a fine old comedy (cut down to a poor company) is on the bill; or may be some ambitious young tragedian is wrestling (all alone so far as support is concerned) with Shakespeare; or a grand ballet, of one good dancer and ten jumping-jacks, is the fare; or the Irish boy with Lancashire brogue, and the Yankee gal with a steam saw-mill in her lungs, invite criticism. Well, we start; no, let us see what time the doors open. Of course, that being a most important fact for the public, is carefully omitted from the advertisement. So to make sure, we must go very early, stopping in at a hotel to get a bill; but we look in vain among those of minstrels and circuses and other theaters to get the required document. Ah, there it is; no, that is a mummy in a glass case—a relic of last season, a fossil example of managerial enterprise. We go without the bill, and crowd up to the little window, get a ticket after a small wrangle with the box-keeper, pass the Gorgon at the iron fence, and find ourselves in a dirty, dimly-lighted parquet, the air full of dust, the floor slippery with last night's expectorations, a boreal chill pouring in from the stage, and the ear annoyed by the cracked voices of pale-faced boys hawking "photographs to sell." Having the privilege of getting down on the floor in the lobby to grope for a bill, we seize some bastard newspapers, giving one to our daughter, perhaps. Getting a seat, with an iron bar to lean our ribs upon, we settle down. With a laudable desire to learn the cast of the play, we peer at the mysterious bill, but gas is expensive at the Winter Garden, and we give it up; but we observe soon after that the child is trying to make out the big letters in an advertisement of some "no cure, no pay" doctor, which, of course, is good reading matter for a play bill. Far against the wall we see dim shadows, put there evidently for ornament, but facetiously termed ushers by the initiated. After suffering half an hour of cold and annoyance, all for the want of one word in the liberal manager's advertisement in the daily paper, the welcome squeaking of fiddle-tuning is heard, and now we have the overture, with the addition of a small modicum of gas, just enough to assure us that our elbow neighbor is not a contraband. As we do not now propose to notice the performance, let us pass on, merely saying that at every fall of the curtain the music, such as it may be, is broken about

twice a minute by the rasping yelp of "fo-to-graffis!" from those intolerable little boys who haunt the lobby, thread the alleys, and knock over the orchestra stools. Time brings relief—the tag is spoken, the curtain drops down, we rise to depart, when, whish! out goes the gas from pit to gallery, leaving two-thirds of the audience to struggle toward a single burner in the outside lobby, which gleams to us like Eddystone in a storm. After tramping on several dresses, and getting shins and patience quite broken, we reach the brazen stairs that lead to the street. A hundred persons are struggling behind us, when the box office has another twinge of economy, and, puff! out goes the last entrance light, and the audience are left to the guidance of that pale star glimmering yonder in the midnight sky.

Such is a feeble picture of the auditorial enjoyments one may expect at a first-class Broadway theater under the present ideas of management. Advertisements gaggy and omitting most important facts, bills not to be found, entrance obscure, doorkeepers surly, ushers who come only to see the play, house-bills in a muddy heap on the lobby floor, light that only makes darkness visible, seats with sharp iron ribs to rake your sides, floors never clean, air full of dust and blue with cold, and, finally, the high privilege of groping your way out up-stairs and down-stairs at peril of your life, the street lamps out, and Old Surly clanging the iron gates at your heels, you escape from this specimen of "liberal management" with no great desire to make further experiment.

Of late years there have been many ameliorations of the condition of the working classes. Not only as to their mental and moral, but as to their physical comfort, we have noticed rapid improvements. Everywhere outside of a theater it is a recognized fact that the more pleasant and comfortable you make the workshop, the more cheerfully and well done work you will get. Hence carpets, baths, fine furniture, ventilation, warmth, and all the appliances of social science, are made to stimulate, encourage, and reward the laborer. But beyond yonder green curtain no such innovation is known; no foolish ideas of philanthropy have penetrated there. Once in an age some erratic star or insane manager will fit up a place as dressing-room or green-room with sofas or even chairs, mirrors, gaslights, and a water-jug; but such managers are rarer than black swans. As for instance, in this same Winter Garden the fairy Agnes (when Dion was supreme) had a perfect boudoir for a dressing-room; but when she spread her wings and flew away, lo! Aladdin's palace went with her, and left only the weather-beaten boards and cobwebbed joists to her successor. What crimes may be meditated, ay, and enacted in the pig-pen dressing-rooms, the blind alleys, and barren green-rooms of theaters, heaven alone knows. Certainly, if one is at all nervous as to association, there is room to fear the worst. Every builder and manager of a theater seems to think that a square foot of timber devoted to comfort is unpardonable waste. True, out of deference to scruples entertained by actresses against the free and easy commingling of the brothel, there are little pens fenced off into which the sheep and goats are separately assorted; and an actress may manage, by carefully turning down the light and examining crevices, to hang old clothes around the walls so as to keep off the gaze of certain sensual beasts who are about the only outsiders except critics sufficiently in favor with managers to get behind the scenes. In such a barn, cold, poorly lighted, thermometer at freezing point, is the stately Portia, the gushing Juliet, the romping Constance, to strip to the skin and dress for her part. Blue through all her paint, her limbs shivering with ague, and her teeth chattering fast enough to prove that they are natural, she comes to the wing—to do what? To act, heaven save the mark! to thrill a thousand auditors with heroic words; to convulse them with bubbling laughter; to pass before them like fairy vision, and enchant the young and ignorant on the stage. If a hard master was ever punished for flogging a school-boy, the manager who permits such mental and physical suffering in his company should feel at least the lash of public condemnation. Yet this picture is in the main true of every American theater within our knowledge, save the Boston Theater and Wallack's in New York. Although taking the Winter Garden as an illustration, we do not exculpate others. It may be said that this is not our business, nor the public's. We dissent. Whatever affects for good or evil the individuals who amuse or instruct us, affects us. Such a state of torment detracts from the power and chills the ambition of the actor; he feels degraded in his pigsty to the level of a brute; he grows sour, and looks upon the outer world as his enemy; feels shy at first, and finally repelled in society; wanders alone, or, like a gipsy, in his tribe; gets down-hearted, drinks hard, loses power and friends, and ultimately goes early to destruction—all for the want of a decent dressing-room, Mr. Manager! or for the want of the self-respect which decent treatment behind your curtain would have produced.

Now, so long as theaters are managed on the Winter Garden plan, so long shall we hear the theater and actors disparaged—and justly, too. The blindest friend cannot fail to see that such managers have but one object, and that is to grab money—that their love for the profession is simply selfishness—that their judgment of an actor's merit is made up solely by the amount of money he will draw—that their respect for the reputation of the profession is much or little as the fickle public incline to the legs of the ballet, the filthy brothel teachings of "Camille," the low snout of modern comic plays, or the pure heights of classic tragedy. We do not expect managers to run empty houses on principle; money must be had, of course; but if money cannot be had without cheating the people before the curtain of light and cleanliness, and the people behind the curtain of heat and wash-basins, let the manager buy a farm or enlist in the home-guard, he certainly is unfit to control a theater.

—By-and-by we may devote a column to the manner in which plays are cast and enacted in such butcher-shops.

LITERARY NOTES.

FOREIGN.

The English publishers have been busy of late in preparing their wares for the winter season. Their announcements embrace a large assortment of articles, useful and ornamental, few of which are the production of master workmen. The "prentice han'" seems to be encouraged by them, as well as by our own publishers, frequently to the detriment of literature, which ought not to be followed as a *trade*, but studied as a *profession*—a profession which demands the most earnest thought and the most careful labor, and which ennobles all who pursue it conscientiously. But let us see what the authors of England, great and small, are about. We will begin with the novelists.

Mr. Thackeray is said to be engaged upon a new novel which will shortly appear in the *Cornhill Magazine*. What it will be called is not yet known, nor, indeed, anything definite concerning it, except that it will relate to a very early period of English history.

Mr. Mark Lemon, famous, or otherwise, as the present editor of *Punch*, has just published a novel, "Wait for the End," which is

sad stuff for a man of his years (he is over fifty) and literary experience.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, who is now in this country as the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, will open the eleventh volume of *All the Year Round* with a new serial story entitled "Quite Alone." It will run for nine months.

Mr. Edmund Yates, of whom we know nothing, except that he got into a row with Mr. Thackeray some three or four years since, has been guilty of writing a novel, which he names "For Better, or Worse; a Romance of the Affections."

Mr. Charles Lever, whose "Day's Ride" is just published, commenced on the 1st of December the publication of a new serial, "Luttrell of Arran."

Mr. Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" (now in course of republication in *Harper's Weekly*) has just appeared in London, and will shortly appear here in book form.

Mr. W. G. Wills, the author of a powerful but disagreeable novel, "Notice to Quit," has recently published another, entitled "The Wife's Evidence." We presume it will be reprinted.

The rest of the minor novels and novelists may be summed up as follows: "The Gladiators," by G. J. Whyte Melville; "The Old House in Crosby Square," by Henry Holl; "Heart or Head," by Philip Wharton (one of the authors of "Wits and Beaux of Society"); "Not an Angel," by the author of "Ethel"; "Yesterday and To-Day," by Cyrus Redding; "Heathside Farm," edited by Mrs. Marsh; "After Long Years," by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels; and "Held in Bondage, or Grandville de Vigne," which last, by the way, is announced as being in press by Messrs. Lipincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

The English poets have been silent during the past year, only one, and that a new singer, Miss Jean Ingelow, having published a volume. The versifiers, however, have printed as usual; as, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper a collection which he calls "Cithara: Lyrical Poems, Old and New;" Mr. Charles Swain, another, rejoicing in the title of "Art and Fashion;" and Miss Isabella Lawless, a third, affectionately christened "Winter Weavings," and dedicated to Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor, whose poet-father, Barry Cornwall, introduces the volume to the public in some pleasant Prefatory Lines. The only promise of fertility in all this barrenness is the announcement of a volume of Heroic Idylls, by old Walter Savage Landor, the last of the great authors of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Longfellow's "Tales of a Way-side Inn" are not very well received by the English critics, one of whom unburdened himself after this fashion: "This volume will probably satisfy Mr. Longfellow's many admirers, and leave the general estimate of his poetry unaltered. All the characteristics of his style and method of treatment are to be found in it. There is a considerable power of expressing what the writer means to say. There is much freshness in the subjects, and still more in the way in which they are put. There are the evidences of a good ear, and a good command of versification. On the other hand, there is always something poor and thin even in the best passages. There is nothing of that impression of deep thought which is scarcely ever wanting in the compositions of great poets. There is nothing which carries the reader away—none of the fervor or rapture of inspiration. Mr. Longfellow is the type of the educated man writing verses, having a knack for the thing, and a power, whether given by nature or art, of putting his thoughts clearly, but only thinking as the bulk of men think who have gone through a certain amount of training, and never appealing to the deeper instincts, or awakening any very keen sense of the beautiful or the sublime." Another critic, whose praise is not so grudgingly given, points out the similarity between a couplet in "Paul Revere's Ride,"

"Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides."

and a couplet in the garden-song of "Maud":

"Low on the sand and loud on the stone,
The last wheel echoes away."

"It can hardly be disputed," he says, "that Mr. Tennyson's 'echoes' are 'heard' in Mr. Longfellow's verse."

While on the subjects of poets and poetry, we may as well mention that a Mrs. Ramsay has recently translated into English the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, in the meter and triple rhymes of the original, and very creditably, too, her version being distinguished for its fidelity and elegance; that Mr. John Anster, Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin, has finished a translation of that singular poetic mystery, the Second Part of *Faust*; and that the Chevalier de Chatelain has just published a French "traduction" of *Hamlet*, *Tragédie de Shakespeare*, en vers François. *A propos* of Shakespeare, Mr. Perry, an English sculptor, has recently carved a bust of him, which is said to be satisfactory. His models were the existing portraits, from which he took the most characteristic features, deriving his general motive and expression from the Stratford bust, the obvious dispositions of which he corrected. Not the least curious thing about Mr. Perry's bust is the pedestal upon which it is mounted, which is made of wood taken from the Shakespeare house at Stratford, and carved with the arms of the poet, and appropriate floral emblems.

The most unique biography that has appeared for a long time is "The Life of William Blake, the Artist." It was begun by Mr. Alexander Gilchrist, the author of "The Life of William Etty, R.A.," and finished by Mr. D. G. Rossetti, both of whom were eminently fitted to sympathize with the vagaries and whimsies of "The Mad Painter." Who he was and what he attempted in picture and song, no one who is conversant with the history of modern art need be told; for the general reader we may state that he was an engraver who made a series of designs for Blair's poem, "The Grave," Young's "Night Thoughts," and "The Book of Job," and a large etching on the setting out of the Canterbury Pilgrims from the Tabard Inn at Southwark—a singular production, which brought about a quarrel between Blake and his friend Stothard, who was engaged on the same subject, which he handled with grace and freshness, but not with the power of his rival, whose own work, published by himself, attracted no attention, though it now ranks among the curiosities of modern art. It forms the frontispiece to the second volume of Mr. Gilchrist's enthusiastic rhapsody, the first being disfigured with specimens of Blake's insanity, or idiocy, in the shape of illustrations to his own productions, which were in verse, and often wonderfully fine, though rather too near the "thin partition" which the poet assures us, separates wit from madness. A judicious selection from these poems would be a valuable addition to English poetry.

The first volume of Mr. Charles Knight's "Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century, with a Prelude of Early Reminiscences," will shortly be published, as will also the biography of Sir John Elliot, by John Forster.

A number of American works are announced for republication in England, as, in biography and history, "The Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," by John Weiss; "The Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin," by D. F. Jamison, of South Carolina; and Mr. J. Foster Kirk's "History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy." In essay and fiction, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's (*Ik Marvel*) "My Farm at Edgewood," and Miss Harriet E. Scott's "Amber Gods."

Mr. Bayard Taylor's novel, "Hannah Thurston," which has

just been brought out by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., in the usual three volume style, divides the attention of the English critics, and calls forth conflicting differences of opinion. The *Spectator*, always friendly to American books, praises it in this fashion:

"If Bayard Taylor has not placed himself, as we are half inclined to suspect, in the front rank of novelists, he has nevertheless a very remarkable book, a really original story, a capable mind, crowded with life-like characters, full of wit and satire, sympathetic with ideas the most opposite to his own, and lighted up throughout with that playful humor which suggests always wisdom rather than mere fun. The first impression, indeed, of the few Englishmen who knew Mr. Taylor's previous writings, will probably be one of exceeding surprise. They knew, indeed, that he could describe with a power which belongs to few, even in this age of description, and the sketches of nature scattered through these volumes, beautiful as they are, will not be beyond their anticipation; but no one attributed to Mr. Taylor the true creative power. Yet there are a dozen characters interwoven into the plot of this book, every one of whom is to the reader as a remembered friend, a living and moving figure, whom he can recognize and watch as if he were in the flesh, whose actions he can study, and in whom the slightest incoherence would startle him at his incoherence in action. He might do. Their viveliness is the more striking because Mr. Taylor, in his St. Petersburg leisure, has evidently been endeavoring to give his book something of artistic perfection, and has subordinated all his characters to the two central figures as strictly as if he were preparing a drama for exacting but able actors, and has forced all to assist, each in his or her degree, in the development of his moral purpose."

The *Saturday Review* is rather severe on it. "The story of Hannah Thurston is simplicity itself, and may indeed, without injustice, be told in one short sentence. Mr. Woodbury settles at Lakeside, near the town of Ptolemy, and having made the acquaintance of Miss Hannah Thurston, a distinguished advocate of women's rights, marries her. This is literally the whole case. There is no difficulty, no adventure; no one makes the least objection to the marriage as soon as the parties have made up their minds, which they do in a reasonable time; and, in short, Mr. Taylor might, if he is so pleased, say with the needy knife-grinder: 'Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell, sir!'" The critic then analyzes the plot, which is not to his liking, and concludes as follows: "On the whole, the book leaves a pleasant impression—the impression of a simple, happy, virtuous population, good and kindly in the main, though apt to be vain, pedantic, intolerant and narrow-minded."

The world of child-readers in England is not very liberally catered for this season, scarcely half a dozen new books by good hands being announced. The best of these are, "The True Pathetic History of Poor Match," by the lady who writes under the nom de plume of Holme Lee; "The Feasts of Camelot, and the Tales that were Told There," by Mrs. I. K. Hervey (the wife of the poet); "Kiddle-a-Wink," a Christmas Annual, which numbers among its contributors Mr. Thomas Hood and his sister, Mrs. Broderip; and "Little Blue Hood," by Thomas Miller; and "The Book of Blockheads," and "London People," the last two by Mr. Charles Bennett, an English artist and litterateur, who occasionally draws and writes for the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which, by the way, his Sketches of London People appeared.

Two new works of travel are nearly ready, "Abeokuta; and an Exploration of the Cameroons," by Captain R. F. Burton; and the "Narrative of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile, and of the Travels in Equinoctial Africa of Captain Grant and Speke." Both these works will undoubtedly be reprinted here.

The first and second volumes of Mr. Froude's "History of the Reign of Elizabeth" (being the seventh and eighth of his "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth") confirm the excellent impression made by their predecessors. They extend over a period of six years in the reign of good Queen Bess, and are largely occupied with her beautiful but unfortunate rival, Mary Queen of Scots.

Mr. John Hill Burton, the author of "The Boot Hunter," has a new volume of miscellanies in press, which he calls "The Scot Abroad."

Mr. Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," and that very veracious war-chronicle, "Border and Bastile," has been editing "A Bundle of Ballads."

Mr. Wilkie Collins has just published two volumes of his early writings, under the title of "My Miscellanies."

Mr. John Timbs, an indefatigable compiler of popular books, has a new one ready, "Knowledge for the Time; a Manual of Reading, Reference, and Conversation, on Subjects of Living Interest, Useful Curiosity, and Amusing Research; from the best and latest Authorities."

Mr. W. H. J. Bleek has in press a curious volume, entitled "Reynard the Fox in South Africa, or Hottentot Fables and Tales," the substance of which has been translated by him from original manuscripts in the library of Sir George Gray.

Another of Hugh Miller's many posthumous volumes is in press, and will shortly be published. It is entitled "Edinburgh and its Neighborhood."

Mrs. Ellis, the author of the "Women of England," and works of a similar character, has just appeared with a new volume, "The Brewer's Family; or the Experiences of Charles Crawford."

The Rev. John Cumming, the Second Adventist, will soon publish "The Destiny of Nations as indicated in Prophecy."

Another installment to the history of the Rebellion, as seen through British spectacles, will at once appear in the shape of a volume from the pen of Lieut.-Col. Freemantle, of the Coldstream Guards, "Three Months in the Southern States, April-July, 1863."

A pleasant, gossipy work in Miss Ellen Creathorne Clayton's "Queens of Song," devoted, as its title indicates, to the lights of the Lyric Stage, the most celebrated of whom, as Pasta, Viardot, and Malibran, figure in its pages as they did in the opera of life before and behind the curtain. Besides writing the memoirs of these ladies, Miss Clayton casts a glance over the history of the opera, and gives a list of all its productions in Europe from the earliest days to the present time. The Messrs. Harper, we see, announce her work, which is in two volumes, with six portraits engraved on steel.

The art of Photography, to which we owe two of the most elegant books ever published in America—Mr. Young's "Lights and Shadows of New York Picture Galleries," and Mr. Perkins's "Central Park," has achieved a similar triumph in England, in the illustration of two unique, out-of-door volumes, "Our English Lakes, Mountains, and Waterfalls, as seen by William Wordsworth," and "Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain and Ireland." The former gives us "sun-pictures" of twelve of the most celebrated localities in the Lake district, Rydal Mount, Windermere, Dungeon Ghill, Grasmere, etc., with a view of Wordsworth's tomb, and a fac-simile of his penmanship. In the latter, which is edited by Mr. William Howitt, we have views of sixteen famous old architectural reliques, such as Kenilworth, Richmond, and Caernarvon Castles, and the Abbeys of Croyland, Holy-cross, Jedburgh, and Dryburgh.

An exceedingly entertaining book is Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants; or, Annals of the English Stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean." The materials for such a work are abundant, the literature of none of the professions being so voluminous as that of the Stage. Let a reader interested in the study recall, if he can, the various memoirs and biographies of actors and actresses which have come under his observation, or of which he has heard; or better still, let him glance over the closely printed pages of the *Biographia Dramatica*. Or, if he wishes to discourage himself utterly, let him turn to the ten thick volumes compiled by the Rev. Mr. Genest, of

Bath, and published under the modest title, "Some Account of the English Stage, from the Restoration to 1830." Of works of this sort there is no lack; but nothing like a history of the English Stage, till the appearance of Dr. Doran's volumes. He is not a correct writer, as regards style, but for telling what he knows—what he has gathered from a wide range of reading on the special subjects which he undertakes to illustrate—he has no living equal. This, however, will not be news to his readers in this country, of whom he has a large circle, several of his books having already been reprinted. "Their Majesties' Servants," we are happy to say, will soon add to their number, Mr. Widdleton having it in press.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble has recently published a volume of Plays, one of which, "An English Tragedy," was written by herself, the other being translations of Schiller's "Mary Stuart," and Dumas's "Mademoiselle De Belle Isle." The last was produced in this country some years since, by Miss Julia Dean. The others have never been played, nor are they likely to be, for Schiller's tragedy would be too heavy for an English or American audience, while Mrs. Kemble's own play would be hissed from the boards, or ought to be, as a horrible piece of depravity. Her poetry, as usual, is not above mediocrity.

Miss Yonge, the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," has just completed a new story. It is entitled "The Clever Women of the Family," and will be published as a serial in the *Churchman's Family Magazine*, beginning with the January number.

Mr. W. H. Russell is about to publish, under the title of "Canada; its Defenses, Condition, and Resources," an account of his travel in that country during the winter of 1861.

Dean Trench, of philological reputation, has lately been selected to fill the archiepiscopal throne of Dublin, an event which is said to give great satisfaction to the clergy of the Church of Ireland.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, December, 1863.

SOME twelve years ago, a young sophomore at Cambridge was struck with the enthusiastic devotion of Prof. Guyot to the genius of the two German physicists, Ritter and Steffens, which he manifested in his "Earth and Man," just then published, and which has since attained a wide recognition in the circulation, I think, of some sixteen or seventeen thousand copies. The familiarity which the public has since acquired through this popularization of the great thoughts that underlie their system of geography, in tracing its relations to the world's history, and by the introduction of physical geography into our common school books, has cheapened somewhat the importance that, no longer than a dozen years ago, was attached to it by a youthful student. The ideas thus received abided by him, and some years later this same young man was enrolled at the University of Berlin as a scholar of Carl Ritter himself, to experience the friendly kindness of the good and erudite old man. Four years ago Ritter died, and the public now look to that young man that they can read for the first time in our vernacular the chiefest of the great geographer's treatises, in the volume entitled "Geographical Studies," translated by William Leonhard Gage, and published by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston. There is always a charm in going back to original sources, and Mr. Gage has granted the privilege without the usual drawbacks of a translation. He works up Ritter's thought tersely, and makes perspicuity out of the German's troublesome convolutions of style. The geographer's great work, "Erdkunde," is voluminous, but the author had developed its meaning more succinctly in his Introduction, and this with sundry papers marking by their date some of the stages of his mental development, make up the book. Ritter worked as Humboldt did, and it was by constant journeys and explorations that he massed the material for his generalizations. Mr. Gage's picture of him in 1855 is a pleasant one—then seventy-six years old, but still erect, carrying a noble head, clad in a long blue coat and broad-rimmed hat, both half a century out of date, while his white collar rolled amply back, and his horn spectacles, gave almost a rusticity of appearance to the old man as he walked under the lindens. The volume itself is rendered more valuable by a very fine steel engraving of him, as he appeared in his prime, which wears a thorough self-poised look, and strongly recalls to me the countenance of his grandson, whom I knew ten years ago as the best swordsman at another German university.

These same studies led our young American to the autobiography of Steffens, Ritter's predecessor by a little in a similar line of investigation, and in digesting those ten volumes whose ponderosity have been a drag on its circulation since its publication, some twenty years ago, he has separated those parts generally interesting, and given them shape in this companion volume, "The Story of my Career," which opens a charming little vista into those golden days of German intellect that marked the conflux of this and the last century. Goethe figures here as elsewhere a Jovine front, offset with the lithe and even sleek figure of Novalis, with that spiritual eye, those thin lips, and a hectic flush marking him for one in whom poetry had sunk deep. There is something very vivid in many of these portraiture. We have the handsome, agile shape of Tieck, with a pair of deep-peering eyes, and a facility of expression that might have made him the first of actors. Then there is the phlegmatic Frederic Schlegel, crouching his slender figure in his meditative mood, with his forefinger, so German-wise, along his nose; or the small, misshapen Schleiermacher, with a quick, sharp eye to look you through, never impulsive, but always varying the expression of that long face and giving those firm lips play. Besides these literary groups we have glimpses of student life, which, from the description, seems to have been handed down to the corps-men of to-day little changed; and scenes of domestic concerns, when Napoleon was in Halle, that read something like the private chronicles of our own rebellion.

I turn naturally from these mind-pictures to this collection for the eye which another house, Ticknor & Fields, have hand-somely gotten up in the book, "Household Friends," as a specimen of their taste and a sample of the treasures in their repertory. The only German among them, and who in the recent translations that have been given the public is once more claiming his high place in the estimation of the cultured, is Richter, and Schoff has given a skillful outline of that noble head, which only lacks Goethe's majesty. It is far preferable to that vulgarized air which we have known usually in this country in Sartain's mezzotints, but not equal, in its calm contemplation, to the finished engravings from Förster's picture, such, for instance, as the hand of Eichendorff has given for the best German editions. It is to be hoped we shall find something better as a frontispiece to the new edition of Jean Paul's life, by Mrs. Lee, which the same publishers have in press.

I am glad to see in this new volume a more satisfactory head of Tennyson than the younger aspect we have known so long. The photographs with the broad-brim hat, which have been prevalent of late, have not shown us the meaning of that face as well as this one does, taken within a year or two, I think, with its silky curliness of hair and beard, his moustache falling so thinly over without concealing the fine lines of the mouth; his quiet, resigned, unobserving air, and a look which seems to carry his thoughts back thirty years, when the critics were carpings at him, while he feels now how he has triumphed, though unostentatiously, at last. Which, by the way, I cannot conceive he could have done, if he

had never written anything superior to the "Hesperides," which accompanies the print, and is discarded from his own selected works. Dr. Holmes's admirers will hardly be content with the counterfeit of him that forms a part of this collection. It is not that they have the ideas that the doctor says he found in a hotel clerk at Harrisburg, who affected surprise at the absence in their guest of "huge, uplifted forehead, embossed with protuberant organs of the intellectual faculties," such as he associated with similar geniuses; but they will want to see something more genial within that half-inch radius of the mouth's corner where he has taught us himself to look, and where we wish to see indications that he is ready to fertilize the intellectual home of everybody with a rushing freshet of talk, as he says of a friend of his in this last collection of his essays, "Soundings from the Atlantic." Who this friend was, he does not choose to let us know; but the dedication page, in bearing the name of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, associates with its author's one who is reputed to hold a rare power in the circle of private concourse. The professor himself, if I mistake not, has contested the palm of pleasant badinage with one of your New York wits around the fireside at the Century; and one can imagine how the praises of *Hulkytown* would sparkle with the attrition of a Knickerbocker. This intense love of his own city has become an amiable pleasantness with Holmes. There is some of this unctuous fun here and there through these last pages of his. St. Paul's he calls the Boston State-House of London. Temple Bar is as the old Franklin street arch to him; and he very quietly hits the Philadelphians on their having some remembrance of that distinguished Boston philosopher who made them a visit during the last century.

This present book of his illustrates the skill with which he can button-hole reader on a theme that would fail of interest in a less suggestive and not so analogical a mind. He takes hold of everything earnestly, as in his enthusiasm for photography and the stereoscope, and with a like fervor he entered into our last excitement, the great organ of the Music Hall. He cares as little for those who curse the benighted politics of the old Bay state when he pronounces himself as venomous a hater of the rebellion as can be found, as he did for the Puritan indoctrination that he so warped into ungodliness in his *Elsie Venner*. He was not true to his lineage there, but he was true to himself.

As Holmes loves Boston, Whittier loves the banks of the Merrimac, and this is only equaled by his love for freedom, as this last volume of his poems, "In War Times," so fully discloses. He, too, is true to his association, and is *benighted* enough to suit one extreme and elicit the sneers of the other. There was a faction, if I remember, in Germany, who thought Freiligrath, and Herwegh, and Heine benighted, but time will not let slip its hold upon much that they wrote in the heat of civil strife, nor will this of Whittier pass from remembrance. If his political opponents charge his generous impulses upon a poetic fervor that blinds the judgment, they must see it is a passion that knows no studied control; and Robert Browning would grasp his hand over the promise of Italy.

Perhaps it should not happen that one goes from the reading of Whittier to such poetry as these new claimants for favor, Roberto Brothers (who with their Aldine Anchors set a high standard for the mechanism of their wares), have given us in the republication of "Jean Ingelow's Poems." Whittier has such directness of purpose, is so constantly a balladizer in training, when he rises even into lofty sentiments, that such lush and fragrant verses as this new English poetess produces have something in them that palls the taste at times. The high praises that her poems have elicited in quarters not usually lavish of encomiums, and the marked favor with which this volume has been greeted here, is presumptive proof that there is a touchstone within these covers that finds traces of sympathy. She has the natural ease of finding themes for her verse in the commonest life-scenes, and this is at the same time not unfrequently the cause of her demerits. Expatriation leads to diffuseness, and the want of incident prevents the real charm of perspicuity. Subtlety of thought always adorns poetry when it comes with the sly play of metaphor, or is ingrained with the running thought, but involution and reiteration cannot be mistaken for it. Miss Ingelow shows her best phase when the thread of narrative is most prominent and the shortness of her stanzas induces the compactness she most needs. With her womanly affection, she touches some strains in the diapason of love with rare skill, but she cannot ring its changes as Coventry Patmore has. Tennyson's exquisite trial of friendship,

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

has not been bettered in the mouth of her widowed Carpenter,

"And now for my appointed span,
I think I am a happier man
For having wed and wept for her."

and the comparison very well shows how a finished antithesis and condensation can verge on even unpoetic paradox, and be the very pit of sentiment. But it may well be claimed that if we need no lesser ones than Whittier and Tennyson for a contrast, the new claimant for fame has made an unaccustomed beginning.

I take up this other volume with the same imprint, "Heaven Home," with some hesitation. When we are told that a book passed through sixty editions rapidly in England, we know that it means success, if not merit, and merit is judged of from varied stand-points. We have, perhaps, nothing to do with the diverse destinies that fix our conditions hereafter till the day of judgment. If we believe in Archbishop Whately's argument for an intermediate state of insensibility, or in the Romish doctrine of Hades, as expounded by Bishop Horsley, we shall not find much to satisfy us in this little volume; but take the Assembly's Catechism for our guide, and if we are of that realizing inclination that is only content with a certain tangibility, we shall read these pages with a sense of relief that there is, at last, some one wise above what is written to satisfy doubts and eliminate distinctions from the clouds. It was an amiable thought, at least, to picture for us the blisses of home-life in the Father's house, and resolve into certainty the vague thoughts that waver in men's minds between regarding the future condition as a state merely, and one of absolute locality. It is the province of art to produce to the eye the heavenly agents of the Almighty, so as to answer the thoughts we have of angelic ministrations; but the painter must beware of making their raiment look like the fabrics of Lowell, or their wings too much like those that lift the meaner bodies of the terrestrial atmosphere. There are some minds that even the utmost genius will not satisfy; they so prefer the passion of their own souls, the better for its vagueness. Just so this little volume will fail of pleasing some—not the crowd, surely, for has not the life of Romanism been its ability to offer tangible proofs? And there is a large class of Protestants who are only satisfied in the same way.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SOEMMER.—English Literature and Language (2 vols.), G. L. Craik; History of Christian Doctrine (2 vols.), William G. T. Shedd; The Federalist, Henry B. Dawson.

SELDON & CO.—Walter's Tour in the East, Daniel C. Eddy, D.D.

JOHN BRADDOCK.—Battle-Fields of the South, by an English combatant.

F. W. CHAMBERS.—The Man of the North, and the Man of the South, Ch. Victor de Bonstetten.

DICK & FITZGERALD.—Three Times Dead, M. E. Bradburn.

FREDERICK A. BRADDOCK.—The Lawyer's Secret, M. E. Bradburn.

HARPER & BROTHERS.—Harper's Magazine, January, 1864.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

CROSBY & NICHOLS

respectfully announce that

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

which has for the last ten years been so ably conducted by Dr. FEABODY, passes now into the editorial charge of PROF. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, ESQ.,

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LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 1, 1862.

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WM. T. CUTTER, Jr.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1861.

Mr. WM. T. CUTTER, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

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JO. C. HUTCHISON, M.D.,
AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.,
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FRANK H. HAMILTON, M.D.,
DEWITT C. ENOS, M.D.,
R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D.,
E. N. CHAPMAN, M.D., Prof. of
Chemistry.JAMES W. WOOD, M.D., Brooklyn,
W. C. P. DAHLIS, Pharmacist,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 31, 1861.

Drs. VALENTINE MOTT, WILLARD PARKER, and others.

GENTLEMEN.—Your letter of May 1st has been received. In accordance with your wishes, I have made arrangements to supply your city and vicinity with a pure article of copper-distilled Bourbon Whisky, which I trust will fully meet the requirements of your letter. All orders addressed to Mr. John M. Carter (late Druggist and Apothecary of this city), now of New York, 176 Washington st., will be promptly attended to.

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We, the undersigned, feeling that we are being and have been greatly benefited by Dr. Rowe, by his treatment for Catarrh, and believing it to be the most practicable method of treatment, recommend those similarly afflicted to avail themselves of it:

Abrm. M. Kirby, Secretary of Montauk Fire Insurance Co., No. 79 Clinton street, Brooklyn.

Daniel Van Voorhis, Ryerson street, near Gates avenue, Brooklyn.

John G. Voorhis, No. 282 Adelphi street, Brooklyn.

John Granger, No. 142 Adelphi street, Brooklyn.

Charles F. Oxley, No. 121 Adams street, Brooklyn.

Benjamin Moore, Clermont avenue, eighth house north of Fulton avenue, Brooklyn.

Henry Rankin, No. 231 South Fourth street, corner Tenth, Williamsburg, E. D.

Besides these other references can be had on application to Dr. ROWE'S office, No. 49 Concord street.

From Mr. Thomas S. Day of Brooklyn.

No. 223 PEARL STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

September 13, 1863.

For the benefit of those similarly afflicted, I make the following statement: For ten years my daughter was afflicted with Catarrh, which gradually grew worse until it had so impaired her health that we felt convinced she must die. The discharge from the head and throat was incessant, frequently accompanied by blood. After having tried every one and everything in vain, as a last resort I called on Dr. Rowe, under whose care she has been entirely cured and restored to the enjoyment of excellent health.

THOMAS S. DAY.

OPERATIONS FOR CROSS-EYES.

From Mr. Robert Stephenson.

No. 230 JAY ST., BROOKLYN, Oct. 28, 1863.

This is to certify that Dr. Rowe has operated on my son, who was cross-eyed from infancy, and has straightened his eyes perfectly.

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.

From Caleb Sager, Esq., of Trenton, N. J.

TRNTON, N. J., Aug. 25, 1862.

This is to certify that my daughter, having been afflicted for eighteen years with deafness and discharges from both ears, caused from scarlet fever when two years old, I placed her under the care of Dr. Rowe. Now her hearing is restored; she hears distinctly, and the discharges from both ears are entirely stopped. From my intercourse with Dr. Rowe, I feel justified in recommending him as a gentleman well versed in the disease he makes a specialty of.

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